

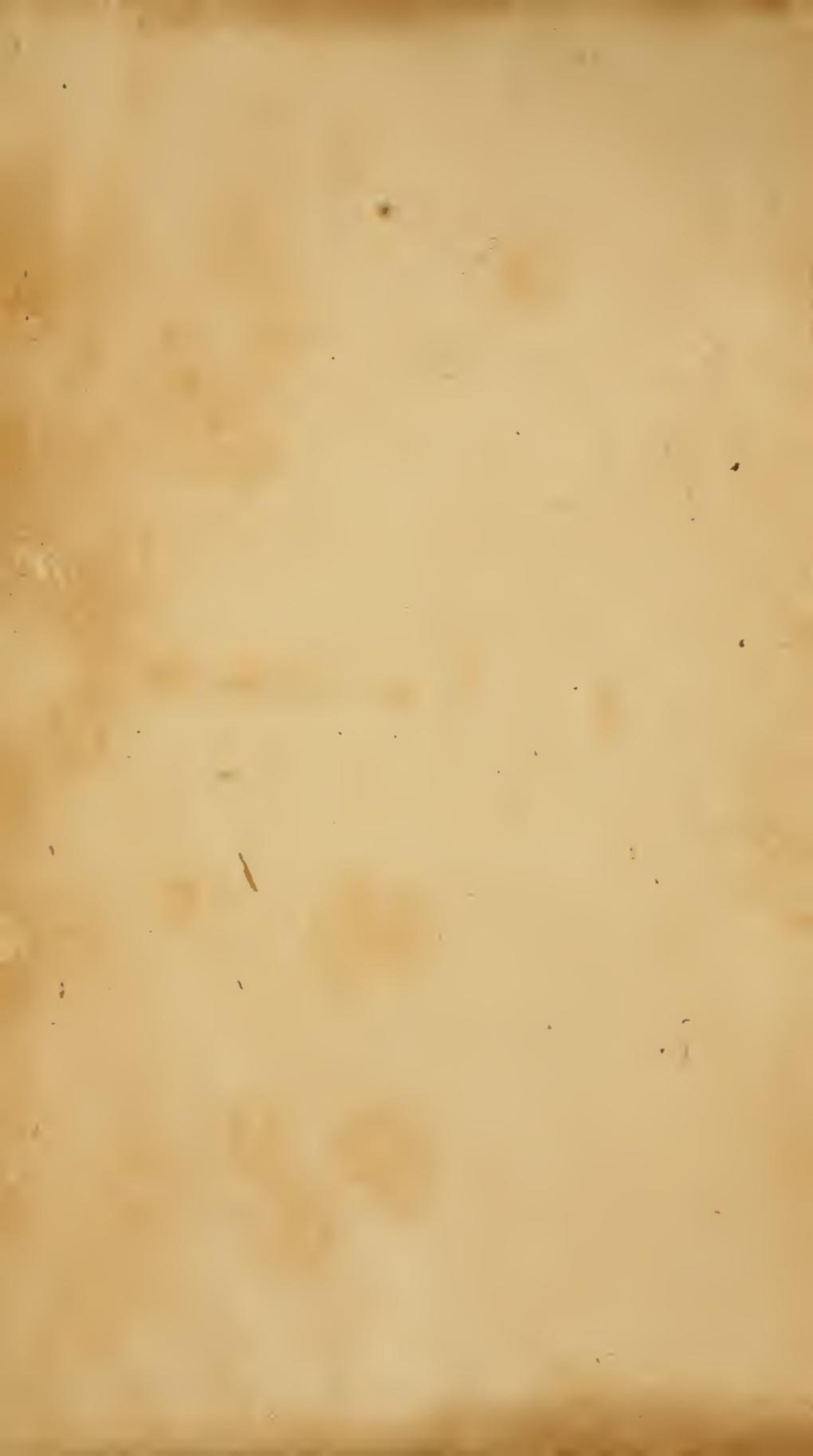


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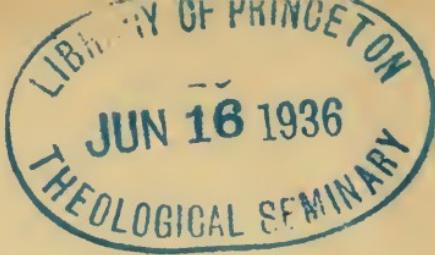








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H Y M N S

FOR

P U B L I C W O R S H I P .

"Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." — *Psalm cl. 1, 2, 6.*

George W. Briggs

BOSTON:
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1845.

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Preface.

THE following Selection of Hymns has been made in obedience to two general principles. The Compiler desired, in the first place, to bring together the most fervent expressions of a profound spiritual life. And therefore, an unusual number of the Wesleyan hymns, and others of a kindred character have been introduced, in addition to the standard pieces in all our Collections. Their sweet fervor is at once the natural language of the living heart, and a quickening influence to a deeper life. For the same reason also, he has introduced some pieces not generally included among Sacred Songs. But their beauty and fervor appeared to be their sufficient baptism. Indeed, they are only varied strains in the great chant of praise the devout heart ever raises to God.

In accordance with this principle, the arrangement of the book would represent, as far as possible, the different steps in the progress of the spiritual life. After some Introductory and Closing Hymns, it commences with the Calls of the Spirit; passing on to Penitence, to Peace in Believing, to

Aspirations for Nearness to God, and a Perfect Redemption. Then it refers to Prayer, to Spiritual Influences, and Desires for their Guidance, to Adoration and Praise, and ascends at length to the Trust, which says, “Thy will be done.” Next, may be found hymns relating to Jesus and his Gospel, to the Christian Graces, to Death and Futurity, and lastly, those referring to Various Occasions. The Compiler’s individual preference would have led him to arrange the entire book in strict obedience to this idea. Such an arrangement would be entirely natural, and possesses obvious advantages. But perhaps he has conformed to it as far as it might be best to depart from the usual order.

In the next place, the Compiler desired to make a Collection in harmony with the Christian view of Life and Death, excluding all representations of Life as a “Vale of Tears,” and Death as the “King of Terrors;” views so sadly darkening the world of Sacred Song. We would not sing in the Hymn what we oppose in the Sermon. Hymns, embodying the wailings of the spirit for its own faithlessness, which *may make* life a struggle or a sadness, have been freely admitted. But the endeavor has been to be true to the thought, that the darkness at any time shrouding the world, is but the shadow of our own dull affections; and to

remember, that although the Christian heart may trustingly say, "To die is gain," it never forgets also to say, "To live is Christ." The difference between the usual selection from the familiar hymn commonly beginning,

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,"

and the verses selected here, perhaps may indicate the distinction we would observe. The dark view of the world itself in the common selection is certainly objectionable. But when it represents a *strictly spiritual state*, which looks in intense desire from an imperfect to a more perfect life, it no longer jars upon the bright Christian Faith. The Wesleyan hymns illustrate the true idea. Sometimes, we find notes of deepest sadness, expressing the struggles, the fears, the darkness, attending unbelief and coldness of heart. And then we hear strains of joy and freedom of soul, like the music of heavenly harps. And the transition from the Heaven below to the Heaven above, is like the brightening progress of the morning sun.

Some alterations have been made in copying the following hymns, even where the fact may not be particularly stated. Few changes have been made for simple reasons of taste. Few have been ventured indeed, in any of the familiar, standard

hymns, except by occasional omission of verses. But a large number of the hymns in the book are peculiar to this Collection; or at least, have never been in familiar use in Unitarian Churches. And for alterations in these, where the change would disturb no hallowed association, the Compiler is responsible.

It may be proper to state why so many hymns are printed without the author's name. In a few cases, the name was inadvertently omitted. Some pieces are anonymous. Some, are greatly altered. And the authorship of the rest could not readily be determined with sufficient accuracy to warrant the insertion of any name.

Two or three pieces are introduced, appropriate to the Society with which the Compiler is connected.

In this Selection, some hymns are doubtless included which may not be generally acceptable, and others, more valuable, may have been omitted. Yet it is hoped it may contain a sufficient variety for the usual services of public worship, and that it may do something to quicken the spiritual life whose progress its pages would represent.

GEORGE W. BRIGGS.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Oct. 1845.

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Introduction and Close of Worship.

1

P. M. H. WARE, JR.

Prayer at Morning or Evening.

- 1 To prayer, to prayer ! when the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes :
His light is on all below and above,—
The light of gladness, of life, and of love.
O then, on the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.
- 2 To prayer ! when the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

2

11s. M.

Father, when the day is dawning.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, when the day is dawning,
Then in gladness I pay my vows unto thee ;
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning,
My heart's deepest praises, ascending, shall be.

2 Yes, thou art near me, when sleeping or waking ;
 Still unchanging and pure, thy love shall remain ;
 Wherever I wander, thy ways forsaking,
 O gently reclaim, and restore me again.

3

L. M. 6 l.

HEBER.

Seeking Refuge in God.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray :
 Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

4

10s. M.

DR. JOHNSON.

Divine Light implored.

1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
 On darkling man, in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
 From thee, Great God ! we spring ; to thee we
 tend ;
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

5

S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to God's House.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 4 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;
- 5 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

6

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this joyful day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay ?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad ?

- 2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shall find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

7

L. M.

The Sabbath.

- 1 RICH day of holy thoughtful rest !
May we improve thy calm repose,
And find that peace a present guest,
The soul which loves thee only knows.
- 2 Lord, may thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall and dwell, as heavenly dew ;
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 3 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

8

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Holy Desires.

- 1 To thine altars I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there ;
While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch my heart, unloose my tongue.

- 2 While I hearken to thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe,
 Till thy Gospel bring to me,
 Life and immortality.
- 3 From thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn ;
 And at evening let me say,
 "I have walked with God to-day."

9

L. M.

WATTS.

Worship.

- 1 God in his earthly temples lays
 Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
 And loves to see that worship rise,
 Which forms his offspring for the skies.
- 2 His mercy every place attends,
 Whence pure devotion's flame ascends ;
 And ever lends a gracious ear,
 Where souls unite in praise and prayer.
- 3 Father supreme ! whose sovereign sway,
 All worlds, all beings must obey, —
 May our first wish and object be,
 On earth, in heaven, to dwell with thee.

10

C. M.

DRENNAN.

God may be worshipped in every place.

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord ;
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell, and be adored.

- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
 Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are ever near his throne.

11

C. M.

WATTS.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 With reverence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands with reverence hear,
 And own his sovereign word.
- 2 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand ;
 He bids the vapors rise,
And wind, and storms, at his command
 Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 3 His voice can raging winds control,
 And rule the boisterous deep ;
He bids the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 4 Justice and judgment are his throne,
 Yet boundless is his grace ;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
 Invite us near his face.

12

L. M. SALISBURY COLL.

Humble Worship.

- 1 Lo ! God is here ; let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill :
Still may we stand before thy face.
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.
- 3 More of thy presence, Lord ! impart ;
More of thine image may we bear :
Erect thy throne within our heart,
And reign without a rival there.

13

7s. M.

BOWRING.

Humble Worship.

- 1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.
- 2 Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call ;
Man is nought, is less than nought ;
Thou, our God, art all in all.
- 3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell ;
Yet presume to look to thee
'Midst thy light ineffable.
- 4 O receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne ;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One !

14

C. M.

BRYANT.

Prayer for Compassion.

- 1** O God ! whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook,
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look.
- 2** For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feel too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.
- 3** Yet pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.
- 4** Lord ! aid us with thy heavenly grace
Our truest bliss to find ;
Nor sternly judge our erring race,
So feeble, and so blind.

15

S. M.

WATTS.

Thanksgiving for God's Blessings.

- 1** O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.
- 2** O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3** He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest :
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And mercy for the oppressed.

- 4 'T is he forgives thy sins,
 'T is he relieves thy pain,
 'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And gives thee strength again.
- 5 He crowns thy life with love,
 When rescued from the grave;
 He who redeems thy soul from death,
 From every ill can save.

16

7s. M.

BOWRING.

All from God.

- 1 FATHER ! thy paternal care
 Has my guardian been, my guide !
 Every hallowed wish and prayer
 Has thy hand of love supplied ;
 Thine is every thought of bliss,
 Left by hours and days gone by ;
 Every hope thy offspring is,
 Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
 Every moon that shines serene ;
 Every morn that welcomes day ;
 Every evening's twilight scene ;
 Every hour which wisdom brings ;
 Every incense at thy shrine ;
 These — and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne :
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied — righteous One !

Through life's strange vicissitude
 There reposing all my care ;
 Trusting still, through ill and good,
 Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

Cheerful Praise.

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, by wisdom did create
 Heaven's expanse, and all its state ;
 And with all commanding might,
 Filled the new made world with light.
- 3 All things living he doth feed ;
 His full hand supplies their need :
 Let us therefore warble forth
 His high majesty and worth.
- 4 He his mansion hath on high,
 Above the reach of mortal eye ;
 And his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise for God's Power and Love.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high !
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man, the well beloved of Heaven.

- 2** Sovereign Father, Heavenly King !
 Thee we now presume to sing ;
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all and numberless.
- 3** Hail, by all thy works adored !
 Hail, the everlasting Lord !
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
 God of power, and God of love.
- 4** Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear thy pleading children now !
 Father, in thy strength we pray,
 Take, O take our sins away.

19

L. M.

POPE'S COLL.

God our Guardian.

- 1** As the good shepherd gently leads
 His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
 Where winding rivers soft and slow,
 Amid the flowery landscape flow ;
- 2** So God, the guardian of my soul,
 Does all my erring steps control :
 When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
 He brings me back to virtue's ways.
- 3** Thine ever watchful providence
 Is my support and my defence :
 With thee I am of all possessed,
 And, in thy favor, fully blessed.
- 4** O bounteous God ! my future days
 Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
 And in thy house, thy sacred name
 And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

Praise for God's Universal Goodness.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to your heavenly King ;
For his blessings far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Honor pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record ;
Through the various realms of earth,
Praise him all of human birth :
- 3 Him, who, o'er this earthly ball
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to everything that lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 4 To the great eternal King,
Raise your voice, and joyful sing ;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

Praise.

- 1 PRAISE to God ; O, let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise ;
Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.
- 2 Praise to Him who made the light !
Praise to Him who gave us sight !
Praise to Him who formed the ear !
He our humble praise will hear.

- 3 Praise Him for our happy hours ;
Praise Him for our varied powers ;
For these thoughts that soar above ;
For these hearts he made for love.
- 4 For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin ;
Praise him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes the world rejoice.

22

7s. M.

SANDYS.

Praise at all Times.

- 1 THOU who dwell'st in light above !
Thou in whom we live and move !
Thou who art most great, most high !
God from all eternity !
- 2 O how sweet, how excellent
'T is when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !
- 3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord !
- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field ?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?
Giver of all good below !
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.
- 5 Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
We thy praises will record :
Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

23

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine :
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

24

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Worshipping in Unity of Spirit.

- 1 BEHOLD yon bright array
Before the Father's throne !
There, young nor old, there rich nor poor,
There bond nor free are known.
- 2 At once they strike their lyres ;
At once they sing, and all
With trembling joy, and silent love,
In adoration fall.

- 3 Whate'er their lot below,
As fellow-heirs of bliss,
In heaven their services are one :
Let earth be heaven in this.
- 4 As brethren, so may we
Worship with one accord ;
In stillness wait, in prayer bow down,
And bless and praise the Lord.
- 5 As pilgrims on their way,
God's earthly courts we fill,
And travel on from strength to strength,
In love, to Zion's hill.

25

S. M.

WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

26

S. M.

WATTS.

Joy in Worship.

- 1** COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2** The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place :
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3** The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4** The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

27

H. M.

WATTS.

Joy in Worship.

- 1** LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !

To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.
- 2** The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest :

My spirit faints, With equal zeal
To rise and dwell Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ; And happy they
 Who love the way, To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength
 Through life's decaying years,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat, Where God our King
 Shall thither bring Our willing feet !

28

L. M.

WATTS.

The Joy of Worship.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King !
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 My soul shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works and bless his word :
 His works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 3 Lord ! may we walk with growing strength
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.
- 4 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
 All we desired, or wished, below ;
 And every power find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

29

S. M. SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given ;
For such shall be our blest employ,
Eternally in Heaven.

30

L. M.

COWPER.

For Social Worship.

- 1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee when they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

- 3 How may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
 O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own !

31

C. M.

BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
 Of mingled praise and prayer,
 Are but a worthless sacrifice,
 Unless the heart be there.
- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
 Let no vain words intrude ;
 No tribute but the vow sincere, —^{TO}
 The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
 If sanctified by thee ;
 If thy pure spirit touch my breast
 With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
 To piety and love,
 And to life's lowly vale impart
 Some rays from heaven above.

32

C. M. CAPPE'S SELEC.

Prayer for Spiritual Blessings.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of light and life,
Supremely good and wise !
To thee we pay our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Conduct us safely by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures which forever flow
At thy right hand, O God !

33

L. M.

H. MOORE.

Light from God.

- 1 SHED down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 2 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 3 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside ;
Nor tempt me from the narrow road,
Which leads to virtue and to God.

34

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

Seeking Divine Blessings.

- 1 **LORD**, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy spirit now impart,
Full salvation to each heart.
- 3 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

35

C. M.

WATTS.

Neglect of Privileges.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

3 Come, ere our feet again retire
 From this devoted place,
 Our feeble purposes inspire
 With thine awakening grace.

4 O ! shed anew through every heart
 A glow of love divine ;
 Nor let thy fear from us depart,
 Till we are wholly thine.

36

C. M.

JERVIS.

Confidence in God.

1 GREAT GOD ! thine attributes divine,
 Thy glorious works and ways,
 The wonders of thy power and might,
 The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
 On thy sustaining arm ;
 Extended still, and strong to save
 From danger and alarm.

3 O may thy gracious presence, Lord !
 Chase anxious fears away ;
 Amidst the ruins of the world,
 Our guardian, and our stay.

37

L. M.

POPE'S COLL.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER adored in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
 Thy kingdom come with power and love,
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord! make our daily wants thy care;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake;
 And let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
 Thy kind protection we implore:
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
 Be thine the glory evermore.

38

L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

"I will worship toward thy holy Temple."

1 WITH all our hearts, with all our powers,
 We praise the Lord, whose bounteous hand
 Unnumbered gifts profusely showers,
 On every nation, every land.

2 We praise him in his sacred fane,
 We praise him 'midst the assembled throng;
 Nor will a gracious God disdain
 The tribute of our earthly song.

3 We praise him for his faithful love;
 We praise him for his blessed Son,
 Who died for man, who reigns above,
 With God, the high and holy One.

39

7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Ascription of Praise.

1 ALL ye nations praise the Lord,
 All ye lands, your voices raise;
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord
 Praise the Lord, forever praise.

- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past, and present, and to be,
 Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;
 Praise him, from the depths beneath ;
 Praise him in the heights above ;
 Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

40

8 & 7s. M. BICKERSTETH.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 ISRAEL's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
 Through my pilgrimage below,
 And beside the waters lead me,
 Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
 Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
 I have found thee, and would never,
 Never wander from thee more.

41

8 & 7s. M.

NEWTON.

Prayer for a Blessing.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

42

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Filial Obedience.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot :
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move,
With filial awe and filial love.

43

7s. M.

CENNICK.

God our only Guide.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

44

L. M.

Praise from all Nations.

- 1 O THOU whose mercy bends the skies,
To answer when thy people pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.
- 2 The willing nations yet shall come,
To Zion's hill to own their Lord ;
The rising and the setting sun,
Shall yet behold thy name adored.

45, 46, 47 INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE

45

7s. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

Lowly Thanksgiving.

- 1 LORD, by every heart and tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angel's harps may ne'er
Fail to find an echo here.
- 2 Childlike though our voices be,
Poor and weak our minstrelsy,
God a blessing still imparts
When it flows from childlike hearts.

46

L. M.

Ascription of Praise.

- 1 ONE general song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 O bow to God, all ye that live,
Submissive to his holy will !
To God eternal praises give,
And all his blest commands fulfil.

47

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise !
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

48

7s. M.

MERRICK.

Universal Hallelujah.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine ;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join ;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

49

8 & 7s. M.

FAWCETT.

Ascription of Praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from every tongue ;
Join my soul ! with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

50

S. M.

WATTS.

Doxology.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord !
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more.

51, 52, 53 INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE

51

C. M.

ESTLIN.

Doxology.

- 1 THOU art the First, and thou the Last ;
Time centres all in thee :
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.
- 2 To thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

52

S. M. CHRIS. PSALMIST.

God working in the Soul.

- 1 'T is God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be performed is ours ;
The strength is all his own.
- 2 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do,
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

53

C. M.

"To know Thee is life Eternal."

- 1 O WONDROUS depth of grace divine,
My soul would fain adore :
Dear Father, let me call thee mine,
And I will ask no more.
- 2 By thee in all things richly blest,
Low at thy feet I fall ;
Thou art my Hope, my Life, my Rest,
My Father, and my all !

54

C. M.

Life and Rest in God.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of Truth !
 Our waiting hearts inspire :
 O light the flame of sacred love,
 And breathe the pure desire.
- 2 Thy word can soothe the troubled mind,
 With doubt and fear oppressed ;
 Thou, to the dying life canst give,
 And to the weary rest.

55

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"God shall cause his face to shine upon us."

- 1 THY presence, ever-living God,
 Wide through all nature spreads abroad ;
 Thy watchful eyes which never sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.
- 2 To thee we now commit our ways,
 And still implore thy heavenly grace :
 O let thy face upon us shine ;
 Still guide us Lord, and make us thine.

56

L. M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

The Bread of Life.

- 1 FATHER, supply my every need ;
 Sustain the life thyself hast given ;
 Oh ! grant the never-failing bread,
 The manna that comes down from heaven.
- 2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
 Thy blessing's unexhausted store,
 In me abundantly increase ;
 Nor ever let me hunger more !

57**L. M.***The God of Truth and Love.*

1 THOU God of Truth, if we have erred,
 Through darkness, from thy holy word,
 Shed on our minds thy better light,
 That we may worship thee aright.

2 Thou God of Love, thy grace impart,
 With this thy law, to every heart ;
 To love as we are loved in heaven,
 Forgive as we are there forgiven.

58**P. M.***Blessing after Service.*

1 THE peace which God bestows
 Through him who died and rose,
 The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
 Be known in every mind,
 The broken heart to bind,
 And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

2 Ye who have known to weep,
 Where your beloved sleep ;
 Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry,
 God's blessing be as balm,
 The fevered heart to calm,
 And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply.

3 Ere daily strifes begin
 The war without, within,
 The God of love, with spirit and with power,
 Now on each bended head
 His wondrous blessing shed,
 And keep us all through every troubled hour.

59

P. M. TOPLADY'S COLL.

Divine Blessing implored.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each thy peace possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming love :
 Still support us
 While in duty's path we move.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

Calls of the Spirit.

60

7s. M.

“And the Spirit saith, Come.”

- 1 SOUL ! celestial in thy birth,
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,
Panting, shrinking to be free,
Hear God’s Spirit whisper thee.
- 2 Thus it saith, in accents mild,
“ Weary wanderer, wayward child,
From thy Father’s earnest love,
Still, forever, wilt thou rove ? ”
- 3 Turn to hope, and peace, and light,
Freed from sin, and earth, and night ;
I have called, entreated thee,
In my mercies gentle, free.
- 4 Human soul, in love divine,
Have I sought to make thee mine ;
Still for thee good angels yearn ;
Human soul wilt thou return ?

61

S. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

“God the Spirit saith, Come.”

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, “ Sinner, come ; ”
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, “ come ! ”

2 Let him that heareth, say
 To all about him, come !
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ the fountain, come !

3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life ;
 'T is Jesus bids you come.

4 Lo ! Jesus who invites,
 Declares, " I quickly come ! "
 Lord, even so ! I wait thine hour ;
 Jesus, my Saviour, come !

62

7s. M.

BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitations.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come and make my paths your choice :
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim ! hither come.

2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.

3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, and seek in vain ;
 Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes,
 Watch to see the morning rise ;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care :
 Who the stings of guilt can bear ?

- 5 Sinner ! come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound ;
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

63

C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Matt. xi. 28 — 30.

- 1 COME unto me, all ye that mourn,
 With guilt and fears oppressed ;
 Resign to me the willing heart,
 And I will give you rest.
- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
 A meek and lowly mind ;
 And thus your wearied, troubled souls,
 Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke ;
 The burden I impose
 Shall ease the heart which groaned before,
 Beneath a load of woes.

64

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

“ Come, for all things are now ready.”

- 1 YE thirsting souls ! ye starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
 He calls, and bids you come :
 Fear holds you back, and guilt alarms ;
 But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
 There love and pity meet ;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.

4 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls the grace adore ;
 Approach, there yet is room.

65

10s. M. W. G. CLARK, ALT.

God's Pleading with the Soul.

1 THE voice of God comes to the heedless ear,
 In a low deep whisper when none is near ;
 'T is a breath of reproof, a saddening tone,
 Of warnings, and years, eternally flown.

2 And it saith to the cold and restless heart,
 " How long wilt thou turn from the better part ? "
 " From many a hallowed and lovely spot,
 I have called in my love, and ye would not."

3 I have called from the glorious depths of Heaven,
 I have called, no answer to me was given ;
 Thou art far from thy rest, mid fear and gloom,
 Hear the call of my grace, and find thy home.

66

12s. M.

Free Grace.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, " escape to the mountain :"
 For man's sinful race, love hath opened a fountain ;
 For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
 God's love flows so freely in streams of salvation.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
 How he calls you in mercy, and can you forbear?
 Lo ! he who now thirsteth may drink, and thirst
 never,
 For freely it floweth, and floweth forever.

3 The Saviour his name now proclaims all victorious.

He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious :
 O Father we 'll join with the great congregation,
 And joyously sing of this blessed salvation.

Invitation to Sinners.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands ;
 Why, ye thankless spirits, why,
 Will ye grieve his love and die ?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 Lo ! his Spirit asks you why ?
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :
 Will you not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why, ye ransomed spirits, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

68

L. M.

WESLEY.

Invitation to the Wandering Soul.

- 1 COME, then, ye wanderers, to your God,
Through love, to purity restored ;
The proffered benefit embrace,
The plentitude of heavenly grace.
- 2 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.
- 3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder, " Why such love to me ? "
- 4 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

69

C. M.

COLLYER.

Invitation to the Wandering Soul.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer — now return,
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer — now return !
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer — now return !

Thy Saviour bids thee live :

Come to his feet, and grateful learn,

How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer — now return !

And wipe the falling tear :

Thy Father calls, no longer mourn !

'T is love invites thee near.

Come, Wandering Sheep.

1 COME, wandering sheep ! O come !

I 'll bind thee to my breast ;

I 'll gently bear thee to thy home,

And lay thee down to rest.

2 I saw thee stray forlorn,

And heard thee faintly cry ;

And on the tree of shame and scorn,

For thee, I came to die.

3 I shield thee from alarms,

And wilt thou not be blest ?

I bear thee gently in my arms ;

Thou bear me in thy breast.

To the Prodigal.

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far

From thy Father's happy home,

With thyself and God at war ?

Turn thee, brother, homeward come !

- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squandered life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother, God can save !
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart, and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole !
- 4 Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear ;
Seek him, for he may be found,
Call upon him, for he 's near.

72

7s. M.

CRABBE.

Calls of Mercy.

- 1 PILGRIM, burthened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate ;
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
- 2 Knock ! he knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep ! he loves the mourner's tears ;
Watch ! for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait ! till heavenly light appears.
- 3 Hark ! it is the bridegroom's voice :
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ;
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and saved and blest.
- 4 Safe, from all the lures of sin,
Sealed by signs the chosen know,
Saved by love, that died to win,
Blest, that mighty love to show.

- 5** Holy pilgrim ! what for thee,
 In a world like this remains ?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee,
 Fear and shame, and doubt and pains.
- 6** Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame, from glory's view retire ;
 Doubt, in certain rapture die,
 Pain, in endless bliss expire.

73

7s. M. 6 l.

ILSLEY.

"Follow Me."

- 1** VOYAGER on life's troubled sea,
 Sailing to Eternity !
 Turn from earthly things away,
 Vain they are, and brief their stay ;
 Voyager ! what are they to thee ?
 Leave them all and " follow me."
- 2** Traveller on the road of life !
 Seeking pleasure, finding strife,
 Know the world can never give
 Aught on which the soul can live :
 Traveller, what are they to thee ?
 Leave them all, and " follow me."
- 3** Pilgrim through these flying years !
 Banish all thy doubts and fears ;
 Lift thine eyes to God above !
 Think, there dwells a God of Love !
 Pilgrim, much he 's done for thee !
 Wilt thou, then, not " follow me ? "

- 4 Wanderer from thy Father's throne,
 Hasten back, thy errings own :
 Turn, thy path leads not to heaven ;
 Turn, thy sins will be forgiven :
 Wanderer ! have they charms for thee ?
 Hasten then, to " follow me."

74

S. M.

The Accepted Time.

- 1 Now is the accepted time !
 Now is the day of grace :
 Now, wanderers, come without delay
 And seek your Father's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day ;
 Pardon and peace he freely gives ;
 Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
 The Gospel bids you come ;
 And every promise in his Word,
 Declares " there yet is room."
- 4 Now, Lord, constrain our souls
 And fill them with thy love :
 Then shall thine angels wave their wings
 In holy joy above.

75

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Now is the Accepted Time.

- 1 To-MORROW, Lord ! is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.

- 2 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken, by thy almighty power,
 The aged and the young.
- 3 The present moment flies,
 And bears our lives away ;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day !

The Ark of Rest.

- 1 Ah ! like the weary dove,
 That soared the earth around,
 But not a resting-place above
 The cheerless waters found ;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam ;
 All the wide world to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
 Behold the open door ;
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide ;
 There, sweet shall be thy rest :
 With every longing satisfied,
 And full salvation blest.

77

11s. M.

Acquaint thee with God.

- 1 ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with
God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy
road ;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy
head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with
God,
And he shall be with thee, when fears are
abroad ;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy
path,
Thy joy, in the valley and shadow of death.

Penitential.

78

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Penitential.

- 1 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur, and complain :
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

79

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Absence from God.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See, at thy throne of grace,
 Thy wandering children mourn :
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, return ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my light !
 Without thy cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
- 4 Thy presence can bestow
 Delights which never cloy :
Be this my Heaven here below,
 And my eternal joy.

80

L. M. 6 l.

MORAVIAN.

"But the dove found no rest, and she returned into the Ark."

- 1 LOOSED from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro ;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below :
But now my God, to thee I fly,
 For O, estranged from thee, I die.
- 2 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of sense, for thee I leave :
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace ;

Into the ark of love receive ;
 Take my poor, fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Father, in thy breast.

- 3 Endow me with my Saviour's peace,
 Confirm and keep my longing heart ;
 In thee may all my wanderings cease ;
 From thee may I no more depart :
 Then shall the joy within me prove,
 The fulness of my Father's love !

81

S. M.

WESLEY, ALT.

Reluctance to return to God.

- 1 My Father bids me come,
 Oh ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the wandering spirit home,
 And yet from him I stay !
- 2 Father, the hindrance show
 Which I have failed to see ;
 And let me now consent to know,
 What keeps me far from thee.
- 3 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display ;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 Take every veil away.
- 4 I now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone ;
 According to my faith, to me,
 O let it, Lord, be done !
- 5 In me the hindrance lies ;
 The fatal bar remove :
 And let me see in sweet surprise,
 Thy full redeeming love.

82

C. M.

Lamentation for Unfaithfulness.

- 1 O why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove :
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love ?
- 2 I forced thee first to disappear,
And turned thy face aside ;
Ah, Lord ! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.
- 3 O might I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove ;
Thou infinite, eternal sea
Of unexhausted love !
- 4 I lose myself, when God I see,
And into nothing fall ;
Content, if thou exalted be,
For thou art All in All.

83

C. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

"Grant thy people grace to withstand temptations."

- 1 BACK to the world we 've faithless turned,
And far along the wild,
With labor lost, and sorrow earned,
Our steps have been beguiled.
- 2 Yet full before us, all the while,
The guiding pillar stays ;
The living waters brightly smile,
Th' eternal turrets blaze.

- 3 O, Father of long-suffering grace,
 Thou who in love dost stay
 Pleading with sinners face to face,
 Through all their devious way ;
- 4 Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,
 Be round us as our wall ;
 Nor be our erring hearts allowed,
 Again to faint or fall.

Lamentation for Unfaithfulness.

- 1 O FATHER, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace, than man of sin,
 Yet once again we seek thy face,
 Open thine arms and take us in !
 And freely our backslidings heal,
 And love thy faithless children still.
- 2 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at th' approach of sin :
 A godly fear of sin impart ;
 Implant and root it deep within :
 The errors of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now ;
 Fill my whole soul with filial fears ;
 To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow,
 That I may know thy Spirit's power,
 And never dare to grieve thee more.

85

S. M.

WESLEY

Constraining Love.

- 1 WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again,
To God, her only rest?
- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro!
Thou giv'st the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace,
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Here at thy feet I fall,
I long to be made free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

86

L. M.

WATTS.

“The Sacrifices of God are a Broken Heart.”

- 1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the contrite trust in thee?
- 2 A broken heart, my God! my King!
Is all the offering I can bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 3 O wash my soul from every stain,
 Nor let the sins I mourn remain ;
 Give me to hear thy pardoning voice,
 And bid my mourning heart rejoice !
- 4 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And every power shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Imploring Forgiveness and Renewal.

- 1 FORGIVE us for thy mercy's sake,
 Our multitude of sins forgive !
 And for thy own possession take,
 And bid us to thy glory live :
 Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
 Our faith, by our obedient love.
- 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
 And all thy mighty wonders show !
 Our hidden enemies expel,
 And conquering them to conquer go,
 Till all of pride and sin be slain,
 And not one evil thought remain.
- 3 O put it in our inward parts,
 The living law of perfect love !
 Write the new precept on our hearts ;
 We shall not then from thee remove,
 But in thy glorious image shine,
 Thy people, and forever thine.

88

S. M.

WESLEY.

Prayer for Penitence and Life.

- 1 My Father, God of Peace !
Thy wondrous grace bestow ;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.
- 2 Grant me my sin to feel,
And then the load remove ;
Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.
- 3 In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul ;
And shield me from the evil power,
Till thou hast made me whole.
- 4 Oh, might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power ;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

89

C. M.

MRS. CARTER.

Mercy to the Penitent.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?

- 3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.
- 4 From that blest source, propitious hope
 Appears serenely bright,
 And sheds her soft and cheering beam
 O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 5 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
 And bless the friendly ray,
 Which ushers in the smiling morn
 Of everlasting day.

90

S. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

- 1 Now for thy glory's sake
 Saviour and God arise !
 Awake, O love divine, awake,
 And bless our waiting eyes !
- 2 Thus in her lonely hour
 Thy church is fain to cry,
 As if thy changeless love and power
 Were vanished from her sky.
- 3 Ah ! 't is the world entralls
 The heaven-betrothed breast ;
 It is the traitor sense recalls
 The soaring soul from rest.
- 4 It is thy sin that hides
 The ever-genial ray ;
 Though round the cross it e'er abides,
 It makes a night of day.

5 Ah ! weep thy sins away !
 Thy Saviour's presence know :
 Then by still waters thou shalt stay,
 In full rejoicing go.

91

C. M.

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven : for she loved much."

- 1 WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy heaven,
 When, o'er the faults of former years
 She wept, and was forgiven ?
- 2 When bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
 The precious ointment poured ;
- 3 Were not those sweets so freely shed,
 That shame, those weeping eyes,
 And the sunk heart which inly bled,
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?
- 4 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
 O wouldest thou wake to heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep ;
 "Love much," and be forgiven !

92

P. M.

HEMANS.

The Penitent's Offering. — Luke vii. 37, 38.

- 1 THOU that with pallid cheek,
 And eyes in sadness meek,
 And faded locks that humbly swept the ground,
 From thy long wanderings won,
 Before the all-healing Son,
 Didst bow thee to the earth, oh, lost and found !

2 Ah ! which, oh erring child !
 From home so long beguiled,
 Which of thine offerings won those words of heaven,
 That o'er the bruised reed,
 Condemned of earth to bleed,
 In music passed, "Thy sins are all forgiven ! "

3 Was it that perfume fraught
 With balm and incense, brought
 From the sweet woods of Araby the blest ?
 Or that fast flowing rain
 Of tears, which not in vain
 To him who smiled on tears, thy woes confessed ?

4 No, not by these restored
 Unto thy Father's board,
 Thy peace, that kindled joy in heaven was made ;
 But costlier in his eyes,
 By that blest sacrifice,
 Thy heart, thy contrite heart, before him laid.

93

S. M.

JERVIS.

Peace of the Penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice
 Which speaks of life and peace ;
 Which bids the penitent rejoice,
 And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No balm on earth like this
 Can cheer the contrite heart ;
 No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
 Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
 Thy mercy, Lord ! reveal :
 The broken heart thy love can bind,
 The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
 Peace to my anxious breast :
 Lord ! let my feet be drawn no more
 From paths which thou hast blessed.

94

L. M. 6 l.

Peace for Troubled Souls.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Reveals thy weight of inward woe ;
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow :
 Behold the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
 Unburthen here thy weighty load ;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 And trust the mercy of thy God :
 Thy God 's thy Saviour — glorious word !
 Forever love and praise thy Lord.

95

S. M.

WESLEY.

Prayer for Full Assurance.

- 1 O FATHER, full of grace,
 To thee I make my moan ;
 Let me again behold thy face,
 Call home thy wandering one.
- 2 Again my pardon seal,
 Again my soul restore,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And bid me sin no more.

- 3 Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven ;
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven.
- 4 Thy utmost mercy show,
Say to my erring soul,
In peace and full assurance go ;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

96

8 & 7s. M.

"Go in Peace — Thy faith hath made thee whole."

- 1 "Go in Peace!" O blest dismission
To the sinner's heart made known,
When he pours in deep contrition,
Prayer before the Father's throne.
- 2 "Go in Peace!" thy sins forgiven,
God hath pardoned — set thee free ;
Every galling fetter riven,
"Go in Peace," and liberty.
- 3 Father! breathe this benediction
O'er my spirit while I pray ;
Let me feel, midst deep contrition,
Love hath washed my sins away.

Joy in Believing Redeeming Mercy.

97

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Light and Deliverance.

- 1 THE traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet, the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy, with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppressed with chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus dear that Friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls ;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.
- 5 Thy hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free :
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord ! to thee.

The Happy Change.

- 1 How blessed is man, O God !
When first with single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high !
- 2 Through storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness breaks forth
With healing on his wings.
- 3 Struck by that light, his heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends shoots of righteousness abroad,
Where follies sprung before.
- 4 The soul, so dreary once,
Once misery's dark domain,
Feels happiness unknown before,
And owns a heavenly reign.

Experience of God's Grace.

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the joyous change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those, who sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

100

S. M.

WESLEY.

Assurance of Forgiveness.

- 1 How can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show,
 My name inscribed in heaven ?
- 2 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburthened of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 3 His love surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, nor fear
 The pointless shafts of death.
- 4 His glory our design,
 We live our God to please ;
 And rise with filial fear divine,
 To growing holiness.
- 5 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove ;
 And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

101

8 & 7s. M.

"Light of those."

- 1** LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath ;
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2** Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart :
 Come and manifest the favor
 Promised to thy ransomed race ;
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
 Come and bring thy gospel grace.

102

S. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Pardonning Mercy.

- 1** My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord ;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.
- 2** My longing eyes look out
 For thine enlivening ray,
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.
- 3** In thee I trust, my God ;
 No bounds thy mercy knows ;
 The plenteous source and spring, from whence
 Eternal succor flows :

- 4 Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey ;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
 And wash our guilt away.

103

8 & 7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Pardon and Peace from God.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
 Mercy from above, proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation ?
 Every pure and humble mind ;
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined :
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountains of his throne.

104

L. M.

WATTS.

Peace of Conscience.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love ;
 And soft and silent as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away !
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow !
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

105

7 & 6s. M.

WESLEYAN.

"My yoke is easy, my burden is light."

- 1 SINCE I 've known a Saviour's love,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful, without care, I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke ;
Joyful now my faith to show,
Life is all one blest reward ;
All the work I do below,
Is light for such a Lord.
- 2 O that all the world might know,
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see ;
Walk in all the works prepared,
The spirit's strength to prove,
Till they gain their full reward ;
The rest of perfect love.

106

S. M.

WATTS.

Hope of Salvation.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
 Its well beloved chose,
 And bade him raise our sinful race
 From an abyss of woes.
- 3 Pardon and peace from heaven,
 Jesus proclaims abroad ;
 And brings to erring, guilty man,
 Sure mercy from his God.
- 4 Now, sinner ! dry your tears ;
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offered peace.

107

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 GRACE ! 't is a charming sound,
 Harmonious to my ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first devised a way,
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps display that grace
 Which formed the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught our wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And fresh supplies each hour we meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

108

8 & 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 FATHER, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold above ;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy love.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I 've come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

109

8 & 7s. M.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 LORD, with glowing heart I 'll praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows ;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows :
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
And my heart to rapture raise ;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away ;
 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express :
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy children's prayer to bless.

110

S. M.

WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

- 1 To God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'T is his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 To our Redeemer, God,
 Wisdom and power belong ;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

111

8 & 7s. M.

The God of Mercy.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 He whose hand upholds all nature,
 He whose word can all destroy.

- 2 Here indulge each grateful feeling ;
 Lowly bend with contrite souls :
 Here his milder grace revealing,
 Here no awful thunder rolls :
- 3 Lo ! the eternal page before us
 Bears the covenant of his love ;
 Full of mercy to restore us,
 Mercy beaming from above.
- 4 Every secret fault confessing,
 Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
 Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
 Grace from God, and peace within.

Aspirations towards God.

- 1 SINCE first thy word awaked my heart,
 Like new life dawning o'er me,
 Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art
 All light and love before me.
 Nought else I feel, or hear, or see ;
 All bonds of earth I sever :
 Thee, O God, and only Thee
 I live for, now and ever.
- 2 Like him, whose fetters dropped away
 When light shone o'er his prison,
 My spirit, touched by mercy's ray,
 Hath from her chains arisen.
 And shall a soul thou bid'st be free
 Return to bondage ? — never !
 Thee, O God, and only Thee
 I live for, now and ever.

Nearness to God.

113

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

“Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.”

- 1 IN vain we trace creation o'er,
 In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor
 To make us fully blessed.
- 2 In vain would this low world employ
 Each flattering, specious wile ;
For what can yield a real joy
 But our Creator's smile !
- 3 Let earth with all her charms depart,
 Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart
 An equal bliss can find.
- 4 Great Source of all felicity,
 To whom our wishes tend !
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
 And in thy favor end ?

114

C. M.

WATTS.

“Early will I seek thee.”

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus till my life's expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King ;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

"If we follow on to know the Lord, He shall come unto us as the rain."

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light !
 Make thy perfections known ;
 Fill our enlarged, adoring sight,
 With glories all thine own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
 The brightest creatures boast ;
 And all their grandeur and their praise,
 Are in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame,
 Is our sublimest skill ;
 True wisdom is to learn his name,
 True life, to do his will.
- 4 For this may we unceasing pray ;
 This all our powers pursue,
 Till visions of eternal day
 Fix and complete the view.

116

S. M.

ME. GUION.

"A Well of Water, springing up to Everlasting Life."

- 1 THE fountain in its source,
No drought of summer fears ;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply ;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
O, Fount of Life, for thee ;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

117

L. M. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Imploring God's Presence.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !

- 4 And O, when gathers on our path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath;
 A burning and a shining light.

118

C. M.

KEBLE.

“The Pure in Heart see God.”

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts;
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.
- 3 Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
 Forbids us to descry,
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the earth and sky.
- 4 Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere.

119

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

“In the Lord our God, is the Salvation of Israel.”

- 1 How long shall dreams of earthly bliss
 Our flattering hopes employ?
 And mock our fond, deluded eyes
 With visionary joy.

- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
 Is our salvation sought ?
 While our eternal Rock 's forsook,
 And Israel's God forgot.
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
 Full in our daily view ;
 Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
 Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
 With gentle pity see ;
 To thee our roving eyes direct,
 And fix our hearts on thee.

God the Fount of Joy.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
 Let thy salvation roll ;
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow
 Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Our erring spirits take ;
 Father, fulfil thy gracious word,
 For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 The well of life to us thou art,
 Of joy the swelling flood ;
 Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
 We swift return to God.

121

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

"I heard thy Voice in the Garden, and I was afraid."

- 1 AMIDST the thrilling leaves, thy voice
At evening's fall drew near ;
Father ! and did not man rejoice
That blessed sound to hear ?
- 2 Did not his heart within him burn,
Touched by that solemn tone ?
Ah no ! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.
- 3 Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And called the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.
- 4 Oh ! in each wind, each fountain flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God, thy voice to know,
And not to be afraid.

122

S. M.

HEMANS, ALT.

Walking with God.

- 1 BLESSINGS, O Father ! shower
In love upon my head ;
O'er daily walks, or lonely hour,
O may thy grace be shed.
- 2 Father, I may not pray
Freedom from earthly ill ;
Thy peace be hovering o'er my way
With its dove-pinion still !

- 3 O let a sense of Thee,
Of thy sustaining love,
My bosom-guest forever be,
Where'er I rest or move.
- 4 A heavenly light serene
With its unfading beams,
Within my trusting heart be seen,
Brighter than childhood's dreams.
- 5 So let me walk with Thee,
Thy presence in my way ;
Made by thine aiding spirit free,
Thy love my joy, my stay.

123

C. M.

WESLEYAN.

Seeking God.

- 1 DRAW near us Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel,
The kindlings of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care ;
Labor is rest, and toil is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
'T is all I wish to seek :
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee only speak.

124

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

"My Soul thirsteth for Thee."

- 1 PRAISE with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.
- 2 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee ?
- 3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 4 Through all my bright, or clouded days,
I follow hard on thee, my God ;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways ;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

125

L. M.

COWPER.

"My Soul thirsteth for God."

- 1 DEAR fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim :
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.
- 2 I want the grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom like the myrtle, or the rose.

126

L. M. 6 l.

MORAVIAN.

Living to God.

- 1 O DRAW me, Father, after thee,
So shall I run, and never tire ;
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;
Free me from every weight : nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.
- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the strength of life shall cease,
My God ! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my Guide,
And bear me through death's whelming tide.

127

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guard my way.

- 3 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care ;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

Joy in God.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 The smilings of thy grace,
How amiable they are !
'T is heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
The centre of my soul.

129

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"Return unto thy Rest, O my Soul."

- 1 RETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast :
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose
The soul which loves thee only knows.
- 2 Safe in thy care, I fear no more
The tempest's howl, the billow's roar :
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,
Which violate the saint's retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount ;
From morning dawn to setting sun
Sees but my work of praise begun.
- 4 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
In future hopes more richly blessed,
I'll sit and sing, till death shall raise
A note of more proportioned praise.

130

7s. M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

"My Soul panteth after thee, O God."

- 1 As the hart with eager looks
Panteth for the water brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near.

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole :
 Why art thou disquieted ?
 God shall lift thy fallen head,
 And his countenance benign
 Be the saving health of thine.

131

L. M. 6 l.

" My Soul panteth after thee, O God."

1 As panting in the sultry beams,
 The hart desires the cooling streams,
 So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
 Athirst to taste thy living grace,
 And see thy glory, face to face.

2 Ah, why by passing clouds opprest,
 Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?
 Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
 Whom suppliants never sought in vain ;
 Thy strength, in joy's extatic day,
 Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

132

L. M. COMPANION H. B.

Aspiration for God.

1 FOUNTAIN of all-sufficient bliss,
 To men below, to saints above,
 Fullness of joy in thee there is,
 Fullness of light, fullness of love.

- 2 Enter, and fill my waiting mind ;
 Give me that peace, that calm repose,
 Which self-complacence cannot find,
 Which self-abasement only knows.
- 3 Give me the love of saints on high,
 Who brightly shine, in bliss complete ;
 Who view thy glorious majesty,
 And cast their crowns before thy feet.

133

7 & 6s. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

Aspiration for God.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Aspirations.

- 1 WHAT is this ? and whither, whence,
This consuming secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food,
In some hidden, untried good ?
- 2 'T is the soul, mysterious name !
God it seeks, from God it came ;
While I muse I feel the fire,
Burning on, and mounting higher.
- 3 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown,
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in Thee.

Perfect Redemption.

135

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

Likeness to God.

- 1 FATHER, they who thee receive,
And in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To the cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Fill the soul with perfect love.
- 3 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the promise now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

136

S. M.

WATTS.

"Perfect Love casteth out Fear."

- 1 BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestowed
On children of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made :
 But, when we see our Saviour near,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 3 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove
 To rest upon my heart.
- 4 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

137

7s. M.

WESLEY.

Union with God.

- 1 WHEN, my Father, shall I be,
 Perfectly resigned to thee ?
 Poor and weak in my own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise ?
- 2 Only thee content to know,
 Craving nothing else below ?
 Only guided by thy light,
 Only mighty in thy might ?
- 3 So I may thy spirit know,
 Let him as he listeth blow ;
 Let the manner be unknown,
 So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express,
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove,
 All the depths of humble love.

138

C. M.

METHODIST COLL.

For Union with God.

- 1 THOU, O my God, thou only art,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My feeble footsteps stay.
- 2 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy perfect love to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 3 Fill me with all the life of love ;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove,
The fellowship divine.

139

L. M.

TOPLADY.

To be made Perfect in Love.

- 1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love ;
O that my God would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove.
- 2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear ;
Arise, propitious sun ! and light
An everlasting morning there.
- 3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down ,
Eyesight impart, for I am blind ;
And seal me thine adopted son.

140

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Cleanse me from Secret Faults.

- 1 **SEARCHER** of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display ;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.
- 2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O ! let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.
- 3 If, tinctured with that odious gall,
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out the hateful stain.
- 4 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given ;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And grant an inward heaven.

141

7s. M.

MERRICK.

Seeking a Clean Heart:

- 1 **BLEST** Instructer, from thy ways,
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.
- 2 Let my tongue from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee ;
To thine all-observing eyes,
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

- 3 While I thus thy name adore,
 And thy healing grace implore,
 Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
 God, my strength, propitious hear.

142

C. M.

WATTS.

Desire of Holiness.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !
- 2 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desire, arise
 Within this soul of mine.
- 3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
 'T is a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

143

L. M.

MRS. COTTERILL.

Living to the Glory of God.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command,
 The hearts of all men in thy hand !
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To know no other will but thine.

- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
 Mould every purpose of the soul ;
 O'er all may we victorious be
 That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to thee ;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
 May we to thee all glory give,
 Until the final summons come,
 That calls thy willing servants home.

For Inward Renewal.

- 1 THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew.
- 2 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And sanctified by love divine,
 Forever cease from sin.
- 3 That blessed law of thine,
 Father, to me impart,
 The Spirit's law of life divine ;
 O write it in my heart.
- 4 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin ;
 The law of perfect love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity ;
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee.

145

8, 8, 6s. M.

WESLEY.

For Perfect Love.

1 OH love divine, how sweet thou art :
 When shall I find my willing heart,
 Entirely ruled by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I long to prove,
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of God to me.

2 God only knows the love of God ;
 O that it now were shed abroad,
 In this weak, erring heart :
 For love I sigh — for love I pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine !
 Be mine this better part.

3 O that I could forever sit,
 Obedient at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice ;
 My only care, delight and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear my Father's voice.

146

7 & 6s. M.

WESLEYAN.

For Perfect Love.

1 FATHER, to thine altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love ;
 Freedom never let me find,
 From thee, my God, to move.

- 2 If I have begun once more,
 Thy sweet return to feel :
 O ! if now, I find thy power,
 Present my soul to heal :
- 3 Still and quiet may I lie,
 To rest in thine embrace ;
 Never more resist or fly,
 From thy pursuing grace.
- 4 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 For every hope of heaven ;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For much has been forgiven.

"Present yourselves a Living Sacrifice."

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love,
 To thee our hearts we raise ;
 Thy all-sustaining grace we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be,
 Our sacrifice receive ;
 Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
 To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heavenward our earnest wish aspires,
 For all thy mercy's store ;
 The sole return thy love requires,
 Is that we ask for more.
- 4 O come, and new redeeming love,
 Shed in our hearts abroad ;
 So shall we ever live, and move,
 And be, with Christ in God.

PERFECT REDEMPTION. 148, 149, 150

148

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

For the Fullness of God.

- 1 FATHER, my single eye,
Be fixed on thee alone.
Thy name be praised on earth, on high ;
Thy will by all be done.
- 2 Spirit of faith inspire,
My consecrated heart ;
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art.

149

L. M.

WESLEYAN.

For the Fullness of God.

- 1 O SOVEREIGN love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die !
Save me from death, from sin set free ;
Sin, death, are but the want of thee.
- 2 Quickened by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possessed by thee I am ;
My life, my only heaven thou art ;
O might I know thee in my heart.

150

7s. M.

WESLEY.

For Full Salvation.

- 1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole ;
Finish thy great work of grace,
Clothe my heart in righteousness.
- 2 Speak the second time, “ Be clean ! ”
Take away my inward sin :
Every stumbling block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.

- 3 Nothing less will I desire,
 Nothing more can I require ;
 Nought but Christ to me be given ;
 Nought but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease ;
 O that all I am might cease !
 Let me into nothing fall !
 Thou, my God, be all in all .

151

8, 8, 6s. M.

WESLEYAN.

For Full Salvation.

- 1 FATHER ! on me the grace bestow,
 Which all that feel shall surely know,
 Their sins on earth forgiven ;
 Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
 And taste, in holiness divine,
 The happiness of heaven.
- 2 Now with that restless thirst inspire,
 That sacred, infinite desire,
 And feast my hungry heart ;
 Less than thyself cannot suffice ;
 My soul for all thy fullness cries,
 For all thou hast and art.
- 3 Come, and thy crowning grace impart !
 Bless me with purity of heart !
 That now beholding thee,
 I soon may view thy open face,
 On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
 And God for ever see.

152

C. M.

WESLEY.

"He shall purify the sons of Levi, as gold and silver."

- 1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad :
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire,
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Diffuse thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 4 My steadfast heart, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But God be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

153

L. M. 6 l.

WESLEYAN.

Fulfilment of God's Promises.

- 1 FATHER, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor :
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Where is the blessedness bestowed,
On all that hunger after thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God ;

See the poor fainting spirit, see ;
 And satisfy with inward peace,
 And fill me with thy righteousness.

- 3 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
 And trust thou wilt not long delay ;
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
 Upon thy word myself I stay ;
 Into thy hands my all resign,
 And wait till all thou art is mine.

"He that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in Him.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Father ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

155

7s. M. 6 l.

WESLEYAN.

"If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,

Let me taste my liberty !

Abba, Father, hear thy child,

Late in Jesus reconciled ;

Hear, and all thy graces shower,

All the joy, and peace, and power.

2 Heavenly Father, life divine,

Change my nature into thine !

Move, and spread throughout my soul,

Actuate, and fill the whole !

Be it I, no longer now

Living in the flesh, but Thou.

3 Father, now no more delay !

Come, and in thy temples stay !

Now thine inward witness bear,

Strong, and permanent, and clear :

Spring of life, thyself impart ;

Rise eternal in my heart !

156

C. M.

WESLEY.

The Soul's Rest.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,

To all thy people known ;

A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,

And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire

Is fixed on things above ;

Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,

Cast out by perfect love.

- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in ;
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

Prayer.

157

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

What is Prayer?

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear :
The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
 That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach,
 The majesty on high.
- 4 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one ;
 They're one in heart and mind ;
When with the Father and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.
- 5 O thou, by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

158

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

“Lord, teach us how to Pray.”

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts :
- 3 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live :
- 4 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 5 Give these, — and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

159

7 & 6s. M. ED. LIT. REVIEW.

Prayer.

- 1 COME, with pure mind and feeling,
From earthly thoughts away ;
And at the altar kneeling,
Do thou in spirit pray.

- 2 Oh! not a joy or blessing,
 With this can we compare,
 The power that God hath given us,
 To pour our souls in prayer.
- 3 If now thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall ;
 Remember in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.
- 4 Oh! every earnest breathing,
 And every thought of prayer,
 Will reach His throne of glory,
 And find acceptance there.

160

C. M. BEDDOME, ALT.

The Power of Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the spirit of our God
 Returning whence it came ;
 Love is the sacred fire within,
 And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened soul repose,
 And soothes the wounded breast ;
 Yields comforts to the mourners here,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, — “Behold, he prays.”
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

161

L. M.

WESLEY.

Prayer the Breath of the Spirit's Life.

- 1 PRAYER is to God the soul's sure way ;
So flows the grace he waits to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray ;
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
In every need still watch and pray.
- 3 'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
Though poor and broken be its word ;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak :
The breathings of the soul are heard.
- 4 Depend on him ; thou shalt prevail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his mercy will not fail ;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

162

C. M.

"Thy Will be Done."

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray,
To God the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done.
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid its fears be still.

- 3 O let that will which gave us breath,
 And feeds with bliss the soul,
 In joy or grief, in life or death,
 My every wish control.
- 4 O could my heart thus ever pray,
 Thus imitate thy Son !
 Teach me, O God, with truth to say
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

163

S. M.

The Place of Prayer.

- 1 HERE in this place of prayer
 Father ! thy face we seek :
 Grant us the blessed boon to share,
 Known to the pure and meek.
- 2 Come then to holy prayer,
 Souls that seem lost in night ;
 Cast on the Lord your heavy care,
 Source of all life and light !
- 3 Come and bend low in prayer,
 Though fears press down your souls ;
 The Saviour's promise, " I am there,"
 The saddening fear controls.
- 4 Here in this place of prayer
 Let hearts in union meet :
 Come, cast the load you cannot bear,
 Low at the Saviour's feet.
- 5 Then from this house of prayer
 Shall mingling praise be given,
 And angels, mid the holy air,
 Shall bear the notes to heaven.

164

S. M.

Seasons for Prayer.

- 1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray ;
And finding there the house of God,
With Heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

165

7s. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

Prayer in every Place.

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily toil to leave ;
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

- 3 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
- 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !
- 5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

166

7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

God everywhere heareth Prayer.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.

167

7s. M.

God everywhere heareth Prayer.

- 1 THOUGH on dreary wilds alone,
Prayer 's a pathway to the throne ;
Place the Christian where you will,
Eternal love is present still.
- 2 Who can trace a beam of light ?
Prayer 's more rapid in its flight ;
Rocks of granite, gates of brass,
Bow to let the pleading pass.
- 3 'Neath the sceptre or the rod,
Lift thy spirit up to God ;
Deity in every place,
Opens wide the gates of grace.

168

C. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When Jesus makes the heart rejoice,
And dries the bitter tear.
- 3 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

169

L. M. 6 l.

WESLEY.

For the Spirit of Prayer.

- 1 O God, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeble children's call,
And O, instruct us how to pray !
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And win the heart to seek thy face.
- 2 We shall not think a gracious thought,
We shall not feel a pure desire,
Till thou, who call'st a world from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire :
And then we in thy Spirit come,
And then we give thee back thine own.
- 3 Come, in thy pleading Spirit down,
To us, who for thy coming stay ;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray ;
O grant us Lord this great request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

170

C. M.

COWPER.

"Solitary Communion with God."

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes, where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And all harmonious names in one,
 My Father ! thou art mine.

Solitary Communion with God.

- 1 LET me not wander comfortless,
 My Father, far from thee,
 But still beneath thy guardian wing,
 In holy quiet be.
- 2 The storms of grief, the tears of woe,
 Soothed by thy love shall cease ;
 And all the trembling spirit breathe
 A deep, unbroken peace.
- 3 The power of prayer, shall o'er me shed
 A soft celestial calm ;
 Sweeter than evening's twilight dews,
 My soul shall drink its balm.
- 4 For there thy still small voice shall speak
 Thy great, thy boundless love ;
 And tears and smiles, and grief and joy
 Shall lift my soul above.

172

L. M.

WATTS.

Devout Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense :
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her strife, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Spiritual Influences.

173

P. M. SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

The Comforter.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, and calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness pitying see ;
 O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier thee.

174

C. M.

KEBLE.

"There came a sound from Heaven, a rushing mighty wind."

- 1 Lo ! when the Spirit of our God
 Came down his flock to find,
 A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
 A rushing, mighty wind.
- 2 It fills the Church of God : it fills
 The sinful world around :
 Only in stubborn hearts and wills,
 No place for it is found.
- 3 To other strains our souls are set :
 A giddy whirl of sin
 Fills ear and heart, and will not let,
 Heaven's harmonies come in.
- 4 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
 Save, Lord, by love or fear.

175

C. M.

COTTERILL.

Coming of the Spirit.

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky !
 Christ, our ascended Lord
 Sends down the Spirit from on high,
 According to his word.

- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
 New life creates within ;
He quickens sinners from the death
 Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of God the Spirit takes
 And shows them unto men ;
The contrite soul his temple makes,
 God's image stamps again.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire.

Ministry of the Comforter.

- 1 How sweet to wait upon the Lord
 In stillness and in prayer !
For though there be no spoken word,
 The Comforter is there.
- 2 A ministry of wondrous skill,
 True graces to impart !
It teaches all the Father's will,
 And preaches to the heart.
- 3 It dissipates all coward fears,
 And bids the coldest glow ;
It speaks ; and lo, the softest tears
 Of deep contrition flow.
- 4 It knows to bend the heart of steel ;
 It bows the loftiest soul ;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
 How matchless its control !

5 And ah ! how precious is His love,
 In tenderest touches given ;
 It whispers here the bliss above,
 And makes the soul a heaven.

177

L. M.

STEELE.

“He shall give you another Comforter.”

- 1 DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
 In such a wandering heart as mine ?
 Unworthy dwelling ! glorious guest !
 How great the favor ! how divine !
- 2 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,
 'T is he sustains my fainting heart ;
 Else would my hopes forever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.
- 3 And when my cheerful hope can say
 I love my God, and taste his grace,
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
 Forever dwell, O God of Love,
 And light and heavenly peace impart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

178

L. M. 6 l.

WESLEY.

The Spirit in the Soul.

- 1 O THAT the Comforter would come !
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast ;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear ?
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
 Attend the promised Comforter :
 O come, and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

179

7 & 6s. M.

WESLEYAN.

The Whispers of Grace.

1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 The comfort of thy voice ;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place,
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin and noise,
 And tumult I withdraw ;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe ;
 Silent am I now and still,
 Dare not in thy presence move ;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love.

180

L. M.

BULFINCH.

God's Voice in the Soul.

1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned
 At evening's calm and holy hour,
 As if its inmost depths discerned
 The presence of a loftier power ?

- 2 And as upon the sacred page,
 Thine eye in rapt attention turned
 O'er records of a holier age,
 Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?
- 3 It was the voice of God, that spake
 In silence to thy secret heart,
 And bade each worthier thought awake,
 And every dream of earth depart.
- 4 As they who once with Jesus trod,
 With kindling breast his accents heard,
 But knew not that the Son of God
 Was uttering every burning word ;
- 5 Father of Jesus ! thus thy voice
 Speaks to our hearts in tones divine ;
 Our spirits tremble and rejoice,
 But know not that the voice is thine.
- 6 Still be thy hallowed accents near !
 To doubt and passion whisper peace ;
 Direct us on our journey here,
 And bid, in heaven, our wanderings cease.

181

7, 6. 7, 7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

"The Word is in thy Heart."

- 1 OFT, I in my heart have said,
 Who shall ascend on high,
 Soar to Christ, my glorious Head,
 And bring him from the sky ?
 Borne on contemplation's wing,
 Surely I shall find him there,
 Where the angels praise their King,
 And gain the Morning Star.

2 But the power of living faith
 Hath taught me better things ;
 “ Inward turn thine eyes,” it saith,
 While Christ to me it brings :
 Christ is ready to impart,
 Life to all, for life who sigh ;
 In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
 The word is ever nigh.

“ The Word is nigh thee, in thy Heart.”

- 1 SAY not the law divine
 Is hidden far from thee ;
 That heavenly law within may shine,
 And there its brightness be.
- 2 Soar not, my soul, on high,
 To bring it down to earth ;
 No star within the vaulted sky
 Is of such priceless worth.
- 3 Thou need’st not launch thy bark
 Upon a shoreless sea,
 Breasting its waves to find the ark,
 To bring this dove to thee.
- 4 Cease then my soul, to roam,
 Thy wanderings all are vain :
 That holy word is found at home ;
 Within thy heart its reign.
- 5 O humbly seek it there,
 With a devoted mind ;
 And ever watching unto prayer,
 Thou shalt its promise find.

183

L. M.

Breathings of Grace.

- 1** LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light ;
- 2** Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before ;
And freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there !
- 3** Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire ;
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.
- 4** So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord ;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies.

184

C. M.

COWDER, ALT.

God's Presence in the Soul.

- 1** FATHER, why should my laboring mind
Search after thee in vain ;
Thee in thy works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain.
- 2** We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey thy dread control ;
Yet still thou art not there.

- 3 O, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does thy spirit rest.
- 4 O come, for poor and weak in heart,
 I long for such a guest ;
Thy life, thy light, thy love impart,
 And make thy creature blest.

Desires for the Spirit's Guidance.

185

L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

Longing for a Propitious Gale.

- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come !
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread my sail ;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

186

L. M.

DRYDEN.

Divine Light Implored.

- 1 OII, source of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

- 3** Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 Aid us to live as we believe.
- 4** Chase from our path each noxious foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in our way.

187

S. M.

HEMANS.

For the Presence of Heavenly Thoughts.

- 1** COME to me, thoughts of heaven !
 My fainting spirit bear
 On your bright wings, by morning given,
 Up to celestial air.
 Away, far, far away,
 From thoughts by passion given,
 Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
 O blessed thoughts of heaven !
- 2** Come in my tempted hour,
 Sweet thoughts ! and yet again
 O'er sinful wish and memory, shower
 Your soft effacing rain ;
 Waft me where gales divine,
 With dark clouds ne'er have striven ;
 Where living founts forever shine :
 O blessed thoughts of heaven !

188

C. M.

WATTS.

Desires for the Holy Spirit.

- 1** COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys !
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To find eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

189

L. M. 6 l. WESLEY'S COLL.

For the Direction of God's Spirit.

- 1 LEADER of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love ;
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray ;
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way ;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love, is near.

190

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

Seeking Aid from God.

- 1 FATHER thine aid afford,
For still the same thou art ;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord !
Lift up my feeble heart.
- 2 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The trials that I feel.
- 3 In thee all fullness dwells,
And all for erring man :
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And sunder every chain.
- 4 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore ;
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

191

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Teachings of the Spirit.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love ;
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

192

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom : Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

193

C. M.

SMART.

Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1** FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step, still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2** Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's paths,
To wisdom's better way.
- 3** That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart ;
- 4** Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love !
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

194

L. M.

MERRICK.

"Thy Word have I Hid in my Heart."

- 1** TEACH me, O teach me, Lord ! thy way ;
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.
- 2** Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

- 3** Give me to know thy words aright,
 Thy words, my soul's supreme delight ;
 That purged from thirst of gold, my mind
 In them its better wealth may find.
- 4** O turn from vanity mine eye ;
 To me thy quickening strength supply ;
 And with thy promised mercy cheer
 A heart devoted to thy fear.

195

L. M. 6 l.

MERRICK.

Prayer for Spiritual Light.

- 1** WHILE here, as wandering sheep we stray,
 Teach us, O teach us, Lord ! thy way ;
 Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe,
 To love thy word, to keep thy law ;
 That by thy guiding precepts led,
 Our feet the paths of truth may tread.
- 1** Great Source of life to all below !
 Teach us thy holy will to know :
 Teach us to read thy word aright,
 And make it our supreme delight.
 In every heart let wisdom shine,
 And give us purity divine.
- 3** Maker, Instructer, Judge of all !
 O hear us, when on thee we call !
 Since inward truth thy laws require,
 That inward truth, O Lord ! inspire.
 Preserve us in thy holy ways,
 And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

Our Strength is in God.

- 1 SUPREME in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The workings of his hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

Deliverance in God.

- 1 GOD of love, that hear'st our prayer,
Kindly for thy people care ;
We on thee alone depend :
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power ;
From his unsuspected smiles,
From the world's pernicious wiles.

- 3 Save us from dependence vain,
 On the help of feeble man ;
 Every arm of flesh remove ;
 Stay us only on thy love.
- 4 Far above all earthly things,
 Look we down on earthly Kings !
 Taste our glorious liberty ;
 Find our happy all in thee.

198

S. M.

WESLEY.

God our Helper.

- 1 Thou see'st my feebleness,
 Father, be thou my power !
 My help, my refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.
- 2 Give me to trust in thee ;
 Be thou my sure abode :
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
 My Saviour, and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep ;
 But strength in thee I surely have,
 Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4 My soul to thee alone,
 Now, therefore, I commend :
 Thou, Father, love me as thine own,
 And love me to the end.

199

8 & 7s. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

"Except the Lord keep the City, the Watchmen waketh in vain."

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
 Keep we watch lest foes alarm ;
 Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
 But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
 Did not God that labor bless ;
 Vain without his grace and favor
 Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
 That on human strength relies ;
 But to him shall help be given
 Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we then the Lord's Anointed,
 He shall grant us peace and rest ;
 Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
 Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

200

8 & 4s. M.

HERBERT.

"The Heavens shall drop down Dew."

1 My heart lies dead; and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandry improve :
 O let thy graces without cease,
 Drop from above.

2 Thy dew doth every morning fall :
 And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove ?
 The dew for which earth cannot call
 Drop from above !

3 The world is tempting still my heart
 Unto a hardness void of love ;
 Let heavenly grace, to cross its art,
 Drop from above.

4 O come ! for thou dost know the way !
 Or if to me thou wilt not move,
 Remove me where I need not say,
 "Drop from above!"

201

C. M.

MILMAN.

"My Grace is sufficient for thee."

1 Oh help us, Lord ! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give ;
 Help us in thought, in word, in deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Father ! from on high,
 We know no help but thee ;
 Oh ! help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be.

202

L. M.

MORAVIAN.

"As thy Day thy Strength shall be."

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
O burst its bonds, and set it free !
- 2 If in this maze of life I stray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 If rising floods my soul o'erflow,
Or sinks my heart in waves of wo,
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
And all is calm, and joy, and peace.

203

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

God an Unfailing Refuge.

- 1 FATHER, our wants relieve
In this our evil day :
To all thy tempted children give
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim ;
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

- 3 Swift to my rescue come ;
 Thine own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace.
- 4 Long as our trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast
 In never-ceasing prayer !

204

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

“The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.”

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, Sovereign Lord,
 Ever faithful to thy word,
 Lead us in the way of peace,
 In the path of righteousness :
 There the simple cannot stray ;
 Babes, though blind, may find the way ;
 Find, nor ever thence depart,
 Safe in lowliness of heart.
- 2 There the humble walk secure,
 God hath made their footsteps sure ;
 There let holy tempers rise,
 All the fruits of Paradise :
 Streams of grace our thirst repress,
 Starting from the wilderness ;
 Make the thirsty land a pool,
 Fix the spirit in our soul.

Adoration.

205

P. M.

Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King !
Help us thy name to sing ;
 Help us to praise !
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days !
- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord !
By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend !
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give thy good word success ;
Make thine own holiness
 On us descend !
- 3 Never from us depart ;
Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore !
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
 Love and adore.

206

C. M.

PATRICK.

Te Deum.

- 1 O God ! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry ;
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyr's noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee
The eternal God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

207

L. M.

ROSCOE.

Song of Adoration.

- 1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God ! fulfil.
- 4 O ! may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

Glory to God.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of heaven.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand ;
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Gracious Being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down ;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

209

L. M.

WATTS.

Adoration of the Divine Perfections.

- 1** Be thou exalted, O our God !
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2** In thee, O God ! are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;
All the rich gifts which nature brings,
Are blessings flowing from thy throne.
- 3** High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky :
Thy truth to endless years remains,
Though lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 4** Be thou exalted, O our God !
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

210

C. M.

BOWRING.

Greatness and Condescension of God.

- 1** O COME, a thousand voices call,
Spirits of life and love !
Bring praises to the Lord of all
Who reigns in light above.
- 2** The glories of the field are his,
The music of the sky ;
The light of hope, the smile of bliss,
And nature's song of joy.

- 3 His worshippers, the countless train
 The lap of nature bears ;
 The boisterous wind, the raging main,
 The silence of the spheres.
- 4 His power no human tongue can tell,
 Nor angel hymns rehearse ;
 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell,
 And fills the universe.
- 5 And O ! can one as great as He
 Bend to the earth his ear ?
 Can creatures weak and frail as we
 Before his face appear ?
- 6 Up to his throne our souls may rise,
 His promises are given ;
 A broken heart for sacrifice
 Will find its way to heaven.

Perfection of God.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God !
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
 That veils or darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 O God ! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
 In fear, in trouble, in distress,
 We 'll seek the shadow of thy wings.

- 4 The living bread thy word bestows,
 Will fainting souls with strength renew ;
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our view.

212

7s. M. SALISBURY COLL.

Humble Adoration.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring
 While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored.
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
 Deign our humble songs to hear ;
 Purer strains we hope to bring,
 When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in thy way,
 Till we come to reign with thee,
 And thy glorious greatness see.
- 4 Then no tongue shall silent be,
 All shall join in harmony,
 And to heaven's remotest bound,
 Everlasting praises sound.

213

L. M.

WATTS.

Adoring Praise.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

God Omnipresent.

- 1 LORD ! thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known :
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

215

P. M.

EDMESTON.

God is Present Everywhere.

1 WHERE can I go from thee !
 All-present Deity !
 Nature, and Time, and Thought thine impress bear ;
 Through earth, or sea, or sky,
 Though wide and far I fly,
 I turn, and find thee present with me there.

2 The perfume of the rose,
 And every flower that blows,
 All mark thy love ; the clusters of the vale,
 The corn that crowns the fields,
 The fruits the garden yields,
 Proclaim the bounties that can never fail.

3 From thee I cannot fly ;
 Thine all-observing eye
 Marks the minutest atom of thy reign ;
 How far soe'er I go,
 Thou all my paths wouldest know,
 And bring the wanderer to this earth again.

4 But why should I depart ?
 'T is safety where thou art ;
 And could one favored spot thy being hold,
 I, poor, and vain, and weak,
 That sacred spot would seek,
 And dwell within the shelter of thy fold.

216

L. M.

BOWRING.

Joy in God's Universal Presence.

- 1** O SWEET it is to know, to feel,
In all our doubts, our wanderings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from thy notice, from thy care.
- 2** Unseen, yet everywhere thou art,
Felt everywhere, yet all unknown !
In the frail temple of my heart,
As on thine everlasting throne.
- 3** No distance can outreach thine eye,
No night obscure thy endless day :
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray.

217

L. M.

BROWNE.

The Only True God.

- 1** ETERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2** Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed :
Controlled by none are thy commands ;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3** Worship to thee alone belongs ;
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

- 4 Lord, spread thy name through every land,
 In every heart erect thy throne ;
 Subdue the world to thy commands,
 And, as thou art, reign God alone.

218

L. M.

WESLEY.

Holiness of God.

- 1 HOLY as thou, O Lord is none !
 Thy holiness is all thine own ;
 A drop of that unbounded sea
 Is ours, a drop derived from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,
 Thy glory we alone declare ;
 And, humbled into nothing, own
 Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
 By all the heavenly hosts adored,
 Let all on earth bow down to thee,
 And own thy peerless majesty.

219

C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Holiness to the Lord.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King ;
 Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry ;
 Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind
 Pay, O my soul, to God ;
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.

- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
 A broken heart shall please him more
 Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
 From all pollution free ;
 The pure in heart are thy delight,
 And they thy face shall see.

220

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

Majesty of God.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high ;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
 Full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

221

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Power of God.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
 The winds obey his will ;
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.

- 2 Rebel ye waves, and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar ;
 The Lord uplifts his mighty hand,
 And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Rage, winds of night, your force combine ;
 Without his high behest,
 Ye shall not in the mountain-pine
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend ;
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
 And bid the choral song ascend,
 To celebrate your God.

222

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Eternal Dominion.

- 1 GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !
 How weak and frail are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow ;
 And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere earth or heaven was made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present to thy view ;
 To thee, there's nothing old appears,
 Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
 How frail and weak are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And homage pay to thee.

223

C. M.

WATTS.

Man mortal, God eternal.

1 O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home !

2 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

4 But, like an ever-flowing stream
 Time bears its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come !
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

224

S. M.

Psalm xix.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the heavens declare
The glory of our God ;
The starry firmament on high,
Proclaims his power abroad.
- 2 But from his Gospel beams
Instruction more divine :
There God unfolds a boundless grace,
There love and mercy shine.
- 3 There God reveals his laws
So perfect and so pure,
And there is taught that fear of him,
Which ever shall endure.
- 4 There he instructs the wise,
Reclaims the wandering soul,
And brings to light those hidden joys
Which all our griefs control.
- 5 Our lives from secret faults,
From bold transgressions, free ;
And make our meditations, Lord !
Acceptable to thee.

225

C. M.

*“ There is no speech nor language ” — “ their voice
is not heard.”*

- 1 UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed ;
And, silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

- 2 Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,
 And spreads her gems unheard ;
 Her lessons penetrate the soul,
 Yet borrow not a word.
- 3 Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
 And pours his golden streams ;
 And silently the shades retire
 Before his rising beams.
- 4 O grant my soul an ear to hear
 Thy deep and silent voice ;
 To bend in lowly, filial fear,
 And in thy love rejoice.

226

L. M. 6 l.

T. MOORE.

"The Day is Thine; the Night also is Thine."

- 1 Thou art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee ;
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine !
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.
- 3 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

227

7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

God our Keeper.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy seat
Nothing can their souls confine ;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

Praise.

228

S. M.

WATTS.

"O Come, let us Sing unto the Lord."

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
And hymns of glory sing;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own⁴ your gracious King.

229

L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

"Let us come into his presence with Thanksgiving."

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To bless him for his favors past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
His mercy, highest heaven transcends,
His truth, beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God ! exalted high :
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

230

C. M.

WATTS.

Call to Praise.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 3 Behold he come, he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 4 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, bow before his face !
O may the creatures of his power,
Be children of his grace.

231

10 & 11s. M.

PARK.

Praise.

- 1 My soul! praise the Lord, speak good of his name!
 His mercies record, his bounties proclaim:
 To God, their creator, let all creatures raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.
- 2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
 Yet here by his works their author is known:
 The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
 And heaven views its image reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
 God governs this earth with gracious design:
 O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
 Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.
- 4 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
 Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed;
 To God, his creator, let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

232

P. M.

HEMANS.

Hymn of Praise.

- 1 FATHER, which art on high!
 Weak is the melody
 Of harp or song to reach thy gracious ear,
 Unless the heart be there,
 Winging the words of prayer
 With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.

2 O let thy spirit move
 O'er those who bend in love,
 Be thou amidst them as a heavenly guest ;
 So shall our cry have power,
 To win from thee a shower
 Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

3 O let thy breath once more
 Within the soul restore
 Thine own first image, Holiest and most High !
 As a clear lake is filled
 With hues of heaven instilled,
 Down to the depths of its calm purity.

4 Thanks for each gift divine !
 Eternal praise be thine,
 Blessing and love, O thou who hearest prayer !
 Let the hymn pierce the sky,
 And let the earth reply
 For all thy grace forever witnessed there.

233

L. M.

WATTS.

All Nations Praise the Lord.

1 Ye nations of the earth, rejoice,
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King :
 Praise him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
 Doth life and all its blessings give ;
 And still his guardian care we own,
 And still upon his bounty live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;
 With praises in his courts appear ;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

234

H. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Praise among the Heavenly Hosts.

1 AROUND the throne of God,
 The host angelic throngs ;
 They spread their palms abroad,
 And shout perpetual songs :
 Him first they own, Him last, and best ;
 God ever blest, And God alone.

2 Their golden crowns they fling,
 Before his throne of light,
 And strike the rapturous string,
 Unceasing, day and night ;
 Heaven, earth and sea, Thy praise declare,
 For thine they are, And thine shall be.

3 While thus the powers on high,
 The joyous chorus raise,
 Let earth and man reply,
 And echo back the praise ;
 His glory own, First, last and best,
 God ever blest, And God alone.

235

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Glory to God in the Highest.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; let man delight to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Praise from Earth and Heaven.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore him ;
Praise him, angels in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light !
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail :

Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name !

237

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

Praise from Earth and Heaven.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy boundless love adored :
 God our Comforter, receive
 Blessings more than we can give :
 Joined with those beyond the sky,
 Chanters to the Lord most high,
 We our hearts and voices raise,
 Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 2 Happy they who never rest,
 With thy heavenly presence blest !
 They the heights of glory see,
 Sound the depths of Deity :
 Fain with them our souls would vie ;
 Sink as low, and mount as high ;
 Fall, o'erwhelmed with love, or soar ;
 Shout, or silently adore.

238

C. P. M.

Praise from Men and Angels.

- 1 YE sons of men his praise display,
 Who stamped his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move ;
 Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
 Pleased while they hear a mortal strain,
 So sweet, so like their own.

- 2 And you your thankful voices join,
 That oft at Salem's sacred shrine,
 Before his altars kneel ;
 Where, throned in majesty, he dwells,
 And from the mystic cloud reveals,
 The dictates of his will.
- 3 Ye spirits of the just and good,
 That, longing for the blessed abode,
 To heavenly mansions soar,
 O let your songs his praise display,
 Till heaven itself shall pass away,
 And time shall be no more.

239

C. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choirs
 That fill the worlds above ;
 Praise him who formed you of his fires,
 And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
 The floor of his abode ;
 Or veil in shade your thousand eyes,
 Before your brighter God.
- 3 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
 In your eternal roar :
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,
 And shore reply to shore.
- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To him that bids you grow ;
 Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
 On every thankful bough.

5 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals take the sound ;
 Echo the glories of your King
 Through all the earth around.

240

8 & 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

God's Blessing upon All.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
 Thou, in glory unconfined,
 Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling,
 With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
 Beams like thy diffusive light,
 So the high and humble station
 Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Still the orphan and the stranger,
 Still the widow owns thy care ;
 Screened by thee in every danger,
 Heard by thee in every prayer.

241

L. M.

WATTS.

Daily Goodness.

1 My God ! how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

242 8, 8. 6s. M. FROM THE GERMAN.

Greatness and Goodness of God.

- 1 O COME and sing your Maker's name !
 With cheerful thanks his praise proclaim,
 For ye are all his own :
 All, from the angel to the worm,
 The vernal breeze, the raging storm,
 Confess him Lord alone.
- 2 His rainbow still proclaims on high,
 That mercy, to repentance nigh,
 Which never shall abate ;
 The morning on the midnight calls,
 The day exclaims, till evening falls,
 That God is good and great ; —
- 3 Great, when the thunder rolls along ;
 Great, in the streams of ocean strong,
 The light, the fountain sweet :
 Great God, if thus thy praises be,
 Make this devoted heart for thee
 A sanctuary meet.

243 10 & 11s. M. SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

“Praise God in the Firmament of his Power.”

- 1 OH praise ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim ;
 Jehovah, our God, how awful thy name !
 How vast is thy power, thy glory how great ;
 Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await !

- 2 Thy canopy 's heaven, in splendor so bright ;
 Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light :
 The works of creation thy bidding perform ;
 Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.
- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed
 In all that thy hand has fashioned and made !
 The earth full of riches, in beauty complete ;
 The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.
- 4 O thou, our great God, Redeemer and King,
 With hearts full of love, to thee will we sing ;
 To life's latest moment our voices we 'll raise,
 And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
 Attune their evening hymn :
 All wise, all holy, thou art praised
 In song of seraphim !
 Unnumbered systems, suns and worlds
 Unite to worship thee,
 While thy majestic greatness fills
 Space, time, eternity.
- 2 Nature,— a temple worthy thee,
 That beams with light and love ;
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
 Whose stars rejoice above ;
 Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
 That rise along the shore ;
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord
 Of storm and ocean roar ;

- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
 By Spring's awakening hours ;
 Her Summer offers at thy shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;
 Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,
 In glorious luxury given ;
 While Winter's silver heights reflect
 Thy brightness back to heaven.

245**C. M.****MONTGOMERY.***The Earth full of God's Goodness.*

- 1 God, in the high and holy place,
 Looks down upon the spheres ;
 Yet in his providence and grace
 To every eye appears.
- 2 The forests in his strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, the Lord God's voice
 Is heard among the trees.
- 3 In every stream his bounty flows,
 Diffusing joy and wealth ;
 In every breeze his spirit blows
 The breath of life and health.
- 4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
 Upon the lap of earth,
 That teems with foliage, fruits and flowers,
 And rings with infant mirth.
- 5 If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare,
 Will Paradise be found.

246

P. M. MISS WILLIAMS.

"The Day is Thine, the Night also is Thine."

- 1 My God! all nature owns thy sway ;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day ;
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.
- 2 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
In every form by thee impressed,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread,
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 3 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wandering soul to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favor rise !

247

S. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories, how diffused abroad
Through all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays ;
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too :
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy, O let me spend
The remnant of my days !
And oft to God, my soul ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

248

C. M.

WHITTIER.

The Worship of Nature.

- 1 THE green earth sends its incense up,
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup,
That greeteth the sunshine.
- 2 The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love ;
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

- 3** The sky is as a temple's arch ;
 The blue and wavy air,
 Is glorious with the spirit-march,
 Of messengers of prayer.
- 4** The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
 The many stars are given,
 As shrines to burn earth's incense on :
 The altar-fires of Heaven.

249

C. M.

WALLACE.

Love of God in his Works.

- 1** THERE 's not a star whose gentle light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But mercy gave it birth.
- 2** There 's not a cloud whose dews distil
 Upon the parching clod,
 And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
 That is not sent by God.
- 3** There's not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where love and wisdom are not found,
 For God is everywhere.
- 4** Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.

250

C. M.

BROWNE.

God's Universal Goodness.

- 1 LORD ! thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind :
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thine infinite good will ;
It shines in stars — it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 High admiration let it raise,
And warm affections move ;
Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

251

C. M.

WATTS.

His Commandments are Sure.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts designed.

3 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?

4 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill ;
 And he 's the wisest of our race,
 Who best obeys thy will.

252

H. M.

WATTS.

God's Goodness in his Works.

1 YE tribes of Adam ! join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng	Of angels bright,
In words of light,	Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command.

He spake the word, And all their frame
 From nothing came, To praise the Lord.

3 To God, the sovereign Lord,
 Your joyful thanks repeat ;
 To him due praise afford,
 As good as he is great ;

Wide as he reigns, His name be sung
 By every tongue, In endless strains.

253

H. M.

WATTS.

Give Thanks to the Lord, for his Mercy endureth forever.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord ;
The sovereign King of kings ;
And be his grace adored.

His power and grace Are still the same ;
And let his name Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.

Earth's utmost ends His power obey ;
His glorious sway The sky transcends.

3 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure ;
And ever sure Abides thy word.

254

L. M.

MRS. OPIE.

Peculiar Praise due from Man.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord ! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on soaring wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise ;
And all the mingling songs of Spring
To thee a general pæan raise.

- 3 And shall my voice, Great God, alone
Be mute midst nature's loud acclaim ?
Oh ! let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
- 4 And nature's debt is small to mine,
Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;
But, matchless proof of love divine,
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

255

11s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death, though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

256

S. M.

WATTS.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied :
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

257

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Providence ever Bountiful.

- 1 THY kingdom, Lord ! forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

- 2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
 Its unexhausted store;
 And universal nature lives
 On thy sustaining power.
- 3 Holy and just are all thy ways ;
 Thy goodness is divine ;
 In all thy works, immortal rays
 Of power and mercy shine.
- 4 Thy praise, O God ! delightful theme !
 Shall fill my heart and tongue :
 Let all creation bless thy name,
 In one eternal song.

Providential Bounties.

- 1 FATHER of lights ! we sing thy name,
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
 His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial rain,
 Which o'er the hill, and through the mead,
 Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 O let not our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
 But what thy liberal hand imparts,
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,
 And thou, O God ! enjoyed in all.

259

L. M. 6 l. WILLIAMS'S COLL.

Divine Mercy.

- 1 'T is mercy calls, — a tribute bring
Of grateful homage to your King ;
In strains of joy proclaim abroad,
The boundless mercy of our God :
'T is mercy calls, — in chorus raise
To God a song of heartfelt praise.
- 2 His eye beholds each anxious fear,
The stifled sigh, the silent tear ;
He sees the widow's streaming eye,
He hears the needy orphan's cry ;
Depending worlds his bounty share,
And meanest insects are his care.
- 3 Ye pious, but dejected minds,
Whom error darkens, weakness binds,
Lift from the dust your mournful eye,
And know the Lord, your help, is nigh ;
Let hope in every bosom spring,
For mercy dwells with heaven's high King.

260

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness, in Providence and Grace.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns,
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams redundant flow
Round the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine ;
The cares of providence are thine ;
And grace erects our mortal frame,
The fairest temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
 To taste and feel how good thou art ;
 With grateful love and reverent fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.

261

C. P. M. EXETER COLL.

Providential Goodness.

- 1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good,
 Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
 And peace, and calm content ;
 Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
 Let songs of grateful praises rise,
 For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
 Thy providence attends our way,
 To guard us and to guide ;
 Thy grace directs our wandering will,
 And warns us, lest seducing ill
 Allure our souls aside.
- 3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
 Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
 And gild the thickest gloom ;
 Thy watchful love, around my bed,
 Doth softly, like a curtain, spread,
 And guard the peaceful room.
- 4 To thee our lives, our all we owe,
 Our peace and sweetest joys below,
 And brightest hopes above ;
 Then let our lives, and all that 's ours,
 Our souls, and all our active powers,
 Be sacred to thy love.

262

S. M.

WATTS.

Compassions of God.

- 1 My soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Mercies of our God.

- 1** O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.
- 2** O bless the Lord, my soul !
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3** He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 4** He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 5** Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days ;
O bless the Lord, my soul !

God is thy Shade on thy Right Hand.

- 1** UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :

God is the tower To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep, When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.

Thou art my sun, And thou my shade,
To guard my head, By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :

I 'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

265

L. M. 6 l.

WATTS.

Eternal Praise.

1 I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On God alone : He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed ; he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord hath sight to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the contrite spirit peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I 'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

God's Numberless Mercies.

- 1 In glad amazement, Lord ! I stand,
 Amidst the bounties of thy hand :
 How numberless these bounties are,
 How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But oh ! what poor return I make !
 What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !
 Lord ! I confess with humble shame,
 My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 To thee I consecrate my praise,
 And vow the remnant of my days ;
 Yet what, at best, can I pretend,
 Worthy such gifts from such a friend !
- 4 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
 That heaven may echo with my song ;
 The theme too great for time, shall be
 The joy of immortality.

267

C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

Ascription of Praise.

- 1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God and King ;
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.
- 2 By thee the victory is given ;
The majesty divine,
And strength and might, and earth and heaven,
And all therein is thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise his glorious name.

Trust and Reconciliation.

268

11 & 10s. M.

Come ye Disconsolate.

- 1 COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come at the shrine of faith, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish ;
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope when all others fade, fadeless and pure ;
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
 Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

269

7s. M.

RYLAND.

Our Times in God's Hand.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise !
All my times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power ;
 Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour ;
All my times shall ever be
 Ordered by thy kind decree ;

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief :
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove ;
 Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
 All is fixed, the means and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.

270

7s. M.

BARBAULD.

Providence Adored, in Joy or Change.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores ;
- 3 These to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise.
- 4 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy :
- 5 Still to thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

271

L. M.

BROWNE.

Thanksgiving, in Joy or Change.

- 1 God of our lives! our thanks to thee
Should like thy gifts, continual be :
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermission knows.
- 2 From thee our comforts all arise,
Our numerous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can we ever, Lord ! be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.
- 3 If what we ask our God denies,
It is because he 's good and wise ;
And what for evils we mistake,
He can our greatest blessings make.
- 4 Dispose us, each revolving day,
For daily gifts, our thanks to pay ;
And though withdrawn those gifts should be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

272

L. M. 6 l.

ADDISON.

"He leadeth Me beside the Still Waters."

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads

My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3** Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4** Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloom and terror overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall know no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me in the fearful shade.

God our Stay in Joy or Woe.

- 1** FATHER ! to thy kind love we owe
 All that is fair and good below ;
 Bestower of the health that lies
 On tearless cheeks, and cheerful eyes.
- 2** Giver of sunshine and of rain !
 Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !
 Fountain of light, that rayed afar,
 Fills the vast urns of sun and star !
- 3** Yet deem we not that thus alone,
 Thy mercy and thy love are shewn ;
 For we have learned, with higher praise,
 And holier names, to speak thy ways.

274, 275 TRUST AND RECONCILIATION.

4 In wo's dark hour, our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !

5 Patient, with headstrong guilt to bear ;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare ;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thine erring child.

274

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Faithfulness of God's Promise.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke ;
They stand secure, And steadfast still ;
Not Zion's hill Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years ;
But still the same, In radiant lines,
The promise shines, Through all the flame.

275

L. M. 6 l.

BOWRING.

Reliance upon God.

1 Oh let my trembling soul be still,
When darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise and holy will,
Though wrapt in cloud and mystery ;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

- 2 When mounted on thy cloudy car
 Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
 I can discern thy light afar,
 Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And should I faint a moment, then
 I think of thee, and smile again.
- 3 Thus trusting in thy love I tread
 The narrow path of duty on ;
 And though some cherished joys are fled,
 And though my flattering dreams are gone,
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain :
 Why should my spirit then complain !

276

7 & 6s. M.

God our Refuge.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of the weary,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 When waves roll dark and dreary,
 My fainting hope relies :
 A sweet relief shall cheer me
 In every pain I feel ;
 For thou art ever near me
 In all thy grace, to heal.
- 2 When gloomy doubts prevailing
 I fear to call thee mine,
 The springs of comfort failing,
 And all my hopes decline,
 Where shall I flee, O Father ?
 Thou art my only trust :
 I'll cling to thee more closely,
 When prostrate in the dust.

3 Thy mercy-seat is open,
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thee
 And wait beneath thy feet ;
 Thine ear is ever ready
 To hear the mourner's prayer,
 O may I still find access
 To breathe my sorrows there.

Safety and Help in God.

- 1 To the haven of thy breast,
 O God of love, I fly !
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 Whene'er the storm is high.
- 2 In the day of my distress,
 Thou hast my succor been ;
 In my hour of helplessness,
 Restraining me from sin.
- 3 Welcome as the water-spring,
 Within the barren place,
 O descend on me and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace.
- 4 First and last, in me perform
 The work thou hast begun :
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun.
- 5 O how swiftly dost thou move,
 In every trial hour !
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.

278**L. M.**

“And there will I meet thee, from above the Mercy-Seat.”

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
’Tis found beneath the “ Mercy-Seat.”
- 2 A place, where God draws near, and sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the holy “ Mercy-Seat.”
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far — by faith they meet
Around one common “ Mercy-Seat.”
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ;
Or how the spirit’s foes defeat,
Were there revealed no “ Mercy-Seat.”

279**S. M.****WATTS.**

“Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To God I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the Rock
That’s high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

280

S & 7s. M.

BOWRING.

God is Love.

1 God is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

281

L. M.

MOORE.

God's Love in All.

1 THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

- 2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment, when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.
- 3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

282

C. M.

COWPER.

Light Shining out of Darkness.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

"If He giveth Quiet, who shall make Trouble."

- 1 QUIET from God ! To feel
 The heavenly rest begin,
 The peace the Spirit doth reveal ;
 Quiet, around, within.
- 2 It deems not evil gone
 From every earthly scene ;
 It sees the lowering storm come on,
 But feels his shield between.
- 3 Care o'er life's little day
 The heavy cloud may roll ;
 Light o'er its darkest folds shall play,
 The sunlight of the soul.
- 4 Oh ! like the holy ark
 It bears the peace of God,
 Above the floods and waters dark,
 And o'er the desert's sod.
- 5 What may it not confer,
 Though evil minds condemn ?
 The spirit's peace they may not mar ;
 She may speak peace to them.
- 6 Quiet from God ! E'en Death
 Cannot its rest destroy ;
 'T is but release of mortal breath,
 For an immortal joy.

284

S. M.

MORAVIAN.

Encouragement.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on his throne ;
He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
O lift thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee !

285

S. M.

CROSSWELL, ALT.

"There may be a Cloud without a Rainbow, but there cannot be a Rainbow without a Cloud."

- 1 THE cloud indeed were dark
But for the rainbow-hue,
That with its bright and glorious arc
Breaks on our raptured view.

- 2 Sure token of God's love !
 We hail thy promise bright
 Bending in beauty from above,
 To robe the cloud in light.
- 3 It is enough to feel
 That God is good ! to know,
 Without the cloud he could reveal
 No bright and beauteous bow.

286

C. M.

"He Healeth the Broken in Heart."

- 1 O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If when in pain and sorrow here,
 We could not fly to thee.
- 2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
 And like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathe sweetness out of wo.
- 3 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above ?
- 4 But sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

287

C. M.

HEBER.

In Days of Distress.

- 1 OH God that mad'st the earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,
 Oh listen to thy children's cry,
 And help us when we pray !
 For wide the waves of bitterness
 Around our vessel roar,
 And heavy grows the burdened heart,
 To view the rocky shore.
- 2 The cross our Master bore for us,
 For him we fain would bear ;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair !
 Have mercy on our failings, Lord !
 Our sinking faith renew !
 And when his sorrows visit us,
 O send his patience too.

288

P. M.

HEMANS.

Strengthen Us in our Agony.

- 1 FATHER ! that in the olive shade,
 When the dark hour came on,
 Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
 Strengthen thy Son ;
- 2 Oh ! in the anguish of our night,
 Send us down blest relief ;
 And to the chastened, let thy might
 Hallow the grief !

- 3 And thou, that when the starry sky
 Saw the dread strife begun,
 Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
 “Thy will be done :”
- 4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
 That e'er have mourned the chief,
 Thou Saviour ! when the stroke doth fall,
 Hallow our grief!

289

C. M.

HEMANS.

“And the Lord showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.” Ex. xv. 25.

- 1 WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
 Into the bitter wave ?
 Left it no scion where it grew,
 The thirsting soul to save ?
- 2 Hath nature lost the hidden power
 Its precious foliage shed ?
 Is there no distant Eastern bower,
 With such sweet leaves o'erspread ?
- 3 Nay, wherefore ask ? since gifts are ours,
 Which yet may well imbue
 Earth's many troubled founts with showers
 Of Heaven's own balmy dew.
- 4 Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief,
 Let faith's deep spirit be ;
 And every prayer shall win a leaf
 From that blest healing tree.

290

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Thy Will be Done.

- 1** ONE prayer I have, all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine ;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2** All wise, Almighty, and all good,
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3** Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.
- 4** And if thy wisdom take away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
Ah ! let me bless thy name, and say,
“The Lord is gracious still.”

291

8 & 7s. M.

“Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.”

- 1** SWEET, delightful resignation !
Passive in God’s hand to lie,
Waiting but for his salvation,
Willing both to live, or die.
- 2** If I yet have work remaining,
Then to live will be the best ;
But if not, then why complaining
Should I enter into rest ?

3 "As thou wilt, Almighty Father,"
 Thus once prayed thy blessed Son,
 Could I choose, I yet would rather
 God's own will than mine were done.

292

L. M.

MRS. GILMAN.

God our Father.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour
 When worldly pleasures lose their power ;
 My Father ! let me turn to thee,
 And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
 Which scorns the prospect of relief ;
 My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
 And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
 When hope is all my soul's employ ;
 My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
 Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noon-tide blaze, the midnight scene,
 The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
 The sick, nay even the dying hour,
 Shall own my Father's grace and power.

293

L. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Thy Will be Done.

- 1 "THY will be done" — and dost thou find
 In the deep musings of thy mind,
 No fear, no hope, no passion there,
 Thou couldst not freely from thee tear ?

- 2 And canst thou meet the chastening hour,
When storms of trial o'er thee lower,
Without one murmur? If but one,
Thou canst not say "Thy will be done."
- 3 Ah, rather ere my lips shall dare
Adopt the Saviour's fervent prayer,
The Saviour's spirit let me seek,
Lowly and trusting, firm and meek.
- 4 Go, seek of God a heavenly mind,
Active, like his — like his, resigned :
Pray that thy very prayer may bring,
No hated, no unwelcome thing.
- 5 Pray, that the will of heaven may be
Life, joy, and all things else to thee ;
And then, the work of prayer begun,
Thou well may'st say, "Thy will be done."

294

C. M.

C. FRY.

As thy Day, thy Strength shall be.

- 1 GRACE does not steel the faithful heart,
That it should feel no ill.
We learn to kiss the chastening rod,
And know its sharpness still.
- 2 God's child may be compelled to meet
Misfortune's saddest blow ;
His bosom is alive to feel
The keenest pang of wo.
- 3 But, ever as the trial comes,
There is a hand unseen,
Hasting to heal the sharpest wound,
And hide where it has been.

- 4 He knows that He who gave the best,
 Will give him all beside ;
 Assured that every good he asks
 Is evil, if denied.
- 5 And when the threatened storm has burst,
 Whate'er the pain may be,
 Something yet whispers him within,
 “ Be still, for it is He.”

Perfect Trust.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, Protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart shall rest on thee.

296

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Trust in Divine Goodness.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine ;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will ;
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To those who seek thy face ;
 And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
 The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
 Till all the tumult cease ;
 Till doubt and fear are lost in love,
 And all is perfect peace.

297

L. M.

NORTON.

Submission.

- 1 My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

Entire Trust in God.

- 1 How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow !
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow.
- 2 How calmly rolls the sea of life ;
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.
- 3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.
- 4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care ;
And the blessed record thou wilt own.

299

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Reliance upon God.

- 1 My Father ! cheering name !
O may I call thee mine !
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly :
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise :
O bend my will to thine !
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear !
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

300

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Patience.

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope !
And let his word support your soul :
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
His treasured mercy to display ;
And his paternal pity moves,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

- 3 Blessed are the humble souls, that wait
 With sweet submission to his will ;
 Harmonious all their passions move,
 And in the midst of storms are still :
- 4 Until their Father's well-known voice
 Awakes their silence into songs ;
 Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
 And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

301

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Sowing in Tears, to Reap in Joy.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
 Troubled with storms, and big with showers ;
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,
 But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet, let the sons of grace revive ;
 God bids the soul that seeks him, live ;
 And from the gloomiest shade of night
 Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstacy unknown
 Are in these watered furrows sown :
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
 Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
 And bind his sheaves, and bear them home ;
 The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,
 Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

302

C. M.

"Blessed are They that Mourn."

- 1 IN trouble, and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I 'll welcome still the heaviest grief,
That brings me near to thee.

303

7s. M.

COWPER.

Welcome Cross.

- 1 "T IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 TRIALS must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see,
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Bring me to my Father's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

304

C. M.

HUMPHRIES.

“Lord, Remember Me.”

1 O THOU, from whom all mercy flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord ! remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart :
Good Lord ! remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day :
Good Lord ! remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Good Lord ! remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy kind decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord ! remember me.

305

8, 7 & 4s. M.

"Gently, Lord."

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through these scenes of joy and tears,
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears :
O refresh us,
Oh ! refresh us by thy grace.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without, and from within,
God hath said he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin.
Therefore praise Him,
Praise thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny way,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
And his love shall be thy stay ;
Therefore praise Him,
Praise thy great Redeemer's name.

Christ...His Gospel...Triumph...Church.

306

11s. M.

DRUMMOND.

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.

- 1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill ;
The Lord is advancing ; prepare ye the way !
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though tower-
ing to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth
and even,
For, Zion ! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches
abroad.

307

8 & 7s. M.

CAWOOD.

Song of the Angels.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 “Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most high !”
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found :
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.”
- 4 “Christ is born, the great anointed ;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing !
 O receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest and King.”
- 5 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer’s birth ;
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

308

C. M.

E. H. SEARS.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven’s melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains !
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there ;
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply ;
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The day-spring from on high.

- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring,
 "Peace to the earth, good will to men,
 From heaven's Eternal King!"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Saviour now is born!
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

309

P. M.

MILTON, ALT.

Christmas.

- 1 No war nor battle's sound
 Was heard the world around,
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
 But peaceful was the night,
 In which the Prince of Light,
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
 Before the point of dawn,
 In social circle sat, while all around
 The gentle fleecy brood,
 Or cropped the flowery food,
 Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.
- 3 When lo! with ravished ears,
 Each swain delighted hears,
 Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;
 Divinely warbled voice,
 Answering the stringed noise,
 With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

4 Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While God disposed in air,
 Each constellation fair,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

5 Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
 The Saviour Christ is born !
 (Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime ;)
 Glory to God in heaven !
 To man sweet peace be given,
 Sweet peace and friendship, to the end of time !

310 11 & 10s. M. HEBER.

Star of the East.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine !
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 3 Vainly we offer each costly oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 4 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

311, 312

CHRIST — HIS GOSPEL,

311

C. M.

CROSSWELL

The Accepted Offering.

1 WE come not with a costly store,
 O Lord, like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore
 From Ophir's shore of gold :
No weepings of the incense tree
 Are with the gifts we bring,
No odorous myrrh of Araby
 Blends with our offering.

2 But still our love would bring its best ;
 A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
 And seven times purified :
The fragrant graces of the mind,
 The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
 Acceptance in thy sight.

312

C. M.

WATTS.

Coming and Kingdom of Jesus.

1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
 As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

313

8 & 7s. M. MADAN'S COLL.

Consolation of Israel.

1 COME, thou long expected Saviour,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins deliver,
 Let us find our rest in thee :
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child — and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :
 By thine own in-dwelling spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

314

S. M..

The Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD the sun, how bright
 From yonder east he springs,
 As if the soul of life and light
 Were breathing from his wings.

- 2 So bright the Gospel broke
 Upon the souls of men ;
 So fresh the dreaming world awoke
 In truth's full radiance then.
- 3 Before yon sun arose,
 Stars clustered through the sky ;
 But O how dim, how pale were those,
 To his one burning eye !
- 4 So truth lent many a ray,
 To bless the Pagan's night ;
 But, Lord, how faint, how cold were they
 To thy one glorious light.

315

S. M.

NEEDHAM.

Jesus the Light of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace,
 The chosen of the Lord,
 God's well beloved Son, fulfils
 The sure prophetic word !
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
 This King of righteousness ;
 But meekness, patience, truth and love,
 Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The spirit of the Lord,
 In rich abundance shed,
 On this great prophet gently lights,
 And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men !
 Thy doctrine life imparts :
 O may we feel its quickening power,
 To warm and glad our hearts.

316

7s. M.

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1** SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star !
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.
- 2** Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night ;
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3** NATIONS all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there !
- 4** There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

317

L. M.

“ I am the Bright and Morning Star.”

- 1** WE sing the bright and Morning Star,
The day-spring of eternal love !
See how its rays, diffused from far,
Beam o'er us from the realms above !
- 2** THOSE cheering rays, spread wide abroad,
Point out the Christian's onward way ;
And as he goes, he finds the road
Enlightened with increasing day.

3 More bright and beauteous it will grow,
 As onward still his way he wends :
 In heaven its beams forever glow,
 Where light with life in glory blends.

Mission of Christ.

- 1 HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long ;
 Let every heart a throne prepare,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts its holy fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In wretched bondage held :
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

319

L. M.

BOWRING.

Jesus Teaching the People.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, Sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

320

S. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

Jesus, the Glory of all Lands, the Hope of the Heart.

- 1 WHAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er th' expanse of heaven !
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given.
- 2 Wrapped in his swaddling bands,
And in his manger laid,
The hope, the glory of all lands
Is come to human aid.
- 3 Ah ! where thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be ;
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with thee ?

- 4 Through every present night,
 Amid all toil or care,
 In music and in joyous light,
 Thou dawnest on our prayer.
- 5 Thou from the world art gone ;
 Yet in thy matchless grace,
 Each loving heart shall be thy home,
 Thy sure abiding place.

321

L. M.

RUSSELL.

“ That Ye through His poverty might be made Rich.”

- 1 On the dark wave of Galilee,
 The gloom of twilight gathers fast ;
 And o'er the waters drearily,
 Sweeps the bleak evening blast.
- 2 Still near the lake, with weary tread,
 Lingers a form of human kind ;
 And from his lone unsheltered head,
 Flows the chill night-damp on the wind.
- 3 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
 Why seeks he not the pillow'd bed ?
 Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest ;
 “ He hath not where to lay his head.”
- 4 Such was the lot he freely chose,
 To bless, to save the human race ;
 And through his poverty there flows,
 A rich full stream of heavenly grace.

322

L. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

"By His Stripes We are Healed."

- 1 Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth,
Should touch the heart with softest power,
And give our sweetest comforts birth ?
- 2 That to the cross our eyes should turn
For cheering light, and strength to save,
Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on the open grave ?
- 3 Yet so it is : for duly there
The storms of life are lulled to rest ;
Stilled by the Saviour's trusting prayer ;
Soothed by the peace within his breast.
- 4 My Saviour ! whom 't is life to see,
Thy promise in thy cross appears ;
Its power, its peace, O grant to me ;
Its perfect love to still my fears.

323

L. M.

WATTS.

Example of Christ.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

324

L. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Light from Jesus.

- 1 THERE 's not a hope with comfort fraught,
 Triumphant over death and time,
 But Jesus mingles in that thought,
 Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 2 His image meets me in the hour
 Of joy, and brightens every smile :
 I see him when the tempests lower,
 Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 3 I see him in the daily round
 Of social duty, mild and meek ;
 With him I tread the hallowed ground,
 Communion with my God to seek.
- 4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
 When lonely want appeals for aid ;
 I hear him in the frequent sigh,
 That mourns the waste which sin has made.
- 5 I meet him at the lowly tomb ;
 I weep where Jesus wept before ;
 And there above the grave's dark gloom,
 I see him rise — and weep no more.

325

P. M.

CH. EXAMINER.

Looking unto Jesus.

1 It was no path of flowers,
 While in this world of ours,
 Beloved of the Father! thou didst tread;
 And shall we in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

2 Our eyes behold thee not,
 Yet hast thou not forgot,
 Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee;
 Before the Father's face,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That where thou art, there they may also be.

3 O Thou who art our life!
 Be with us through the strife!
 Was not thy head by fiercer tempests bowed?
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

326

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Example of Christ.

1 AND is the Gospel peace and love?
 So let our conversation be:
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 When'er the angry passions rise
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!

- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight ;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life, divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love :
 If then we bear the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.

327

7s. M. METHODIST COLL.

Christ a Refuge.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storms of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Thou of life the Fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart ;
 Rise to all eternity.

328

7s. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 SUN of Righteousness, arise,
 Chase the slumbers from our eyes !
 O for one celestial ray
 From the shining seats of day !

- 2 Melt my chains with heavenly fire ;
Fervent love and strong desire
From thy love alone begin ;
Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 3 Thou canst bid our spirits rise
Free and joyful to the skies ;
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

329

C. M.

WESLEYAN MAG.

Jesus Entering Jerusalem.

- 1 FROM Olivet's sequestered seats
What sounds of transport spread !
What concourse moves through Salem's streets,
To Zion's holy head !
- 2 Behold him there in lowliest guise !
The Saviour of mankind !
Triumphant shouts before him rise,
And shouts reply behind !
- 3 He came to earth — through life he passed
A man of grief and wo ;
A noble army following fast
His martyr path shall go.
- 4 All decked with palms, and strangely bright,
That noble host appears ;
And stainless are their robes of white,
Though steeped in blood and tears.
- 5 From ages past descends the lay
To ages yet to be.
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity.

Shepherd of Israel.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,
And to my cry give heed:
Shepherd of Israel, lead me where
Thy flocks in safety feed.
- 2 Whether upon the barren hills,
Or in the desert bare,
Strike but thy rod, the purest rills
And greenest herbs are there.
- 3 The shadow of a mighty rock
Is in that weary land;
And heavenly dews fall on the flock
Protected by thy hand.
- 4 Lead me, O lead me to thy fold,
Earth has no rest beside;
Shepherd of Israel, known of old,
Be thou my only guide.

It is I, Be not Afraid.

- 1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
“ Lo, it is I! be not afraid.”
- 2 Lo, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker’s love.

- 3 Blessed be the voice that breathes from heaven,
 To every heart in sunder riven,
 When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
 "Lo, it is I ! be not afraid."
- 4 God calms the tumult and the storm :
 He rules the seraph and the worm ;
 Blessed be the voice, though still and small,
 That whispers, "God is over all ! "

332

7s. M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel temptation's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned ;
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the griefs his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 There, admiring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 Love's own sacrifice complete ;
 "It is finished," hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who has taken him away ?
 Christ is risen, he meets our eyes.
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

333

S. M.

KEBLE.

Christ Weeping over Jerusalem.

- 1 WHY doth my Saviour weep
 At sight of Zion's bowers ?
 Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
 Her gorgeous crown of towers ?
 Or doth he feel the cross
 Already in his heart,
 The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss ?
 Feel e'en his God depart ?
- 2 Ah ! hero ne'er, nor saint,
 The secret load might know,
 With which his spirit waxeth faint ;
 His is a Saviour's wo :
 " If thou hadst known, e'en thou,
 At least in this thy day,
 The message of thy peace ! but now
 'T is passed for aye away."
- 3 And doth my Saviour weep
 Over his people's sin,
 Because we will not let him keep
 The souls he died to win ?
 Ye hearts that love the Lord,
 If at this sight ye burn,
 See that in thought, in deed, in word,
 Ye hate what made him mourn.

334

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Good Shepherd.

- 1** GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.
- 2** Secure amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.
- 3** The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals and binds ;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.
- 4** Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One shepherd and one fold.

335

S. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

Take up the Cross, and follow Me.

- 1** ART thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and wo ?
And seems it hard, thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can show ?
- 2** And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely called to part ?

3 Come ! learn thy Saviour's peace :
 That Saviour, fount of good,
 Who from his birth sought no release
 From suffering, tears and blood.

4 My soul, the holy cross
 Do thou in patience bear ;
 Who meekly meets its shame and loss
 Its perfect peace may share.

336

S. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

Christ's Manifestation.

- 1 WE meditate the day
 Of triumph and of rest,
 When shown of God, and shaped in clay,
 The Word was manifest.
- 2 The angels saw and sung ;
 Earth listened far and wide ;
 Believed and preached, — a faith, — a tongue,
 The Word was glorified.
- 3 Lord, give it gracious sweep,
 And here its errand bless,
 Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep,
 To glad a wilderness.
- 4 Ray out its starry light,
 To guide our pilgrim way ;
 A sign of hope through this world's night,
 And brighter than its day.
- 5 Again thy witness-voice !
 Again thy spirit-dove !
 That hearts may in its trust rejoice,
 And soften with its love.

337

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Resurrection Morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

338

7s. M.

COLLYER.

Resurrection of Jesus.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb !
Jesus dissipates its gloom !
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Mortals, dry your flowing tears ;
Cease those unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scattered shade ;
 Drive your anxious fears away ;
 See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 Lo the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
 Lo returning beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.

339

7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

In Christ shall All be made Alive.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head ;
 Made like him, like him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

340

S. M.

KELLY.

Rejoicing at the Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 “THE Lord is risen indeed !”
 Attending angels, hear ;
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear ;
- 2 Then wake your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord ;
 Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

341

7s. M.

SCOTT.

Resurrection of Jesus.

- 1 SHOUT, ye saints, in rapturous song ;
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn,
From his sepulchre new born !
- 2 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs !
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men, in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

342

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Attraction of the Cross.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony !
- 2 We see, and we admire,
In sympathy of love ;
We feel the strong attractive power,
To lift our souls above.
- 3 Drawn by such love as this,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess,
The energy divine.

- 4 In him our hearts unite ;
 Nor share his griefs alone,
 But from his cross pursue their flight
 To his triumphant throne.

343

P. M.

HEMANS.

The Voices of the Sky.

- 1 OH ! lovely voices of the sky,
 Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang, " Peace on Earth ? "
 To us yet speak the strains,
 Wherewith, in time gone by,
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains ;
 Oh ! voices of the sky !
- 2 Oh ! clear and shining light, whose beams
 That hour Heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherds' head ;
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of hope, and joy, and faith ;
 Oh ! clear and shining light !
- 3 Oh ! star which led to Him, whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free ;
 Where art thou ? — midst the host above
 May we still gaze on thee ?
 In Heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth may not dim ;
 Send them to guide us yet,
 Oh ! star, which led to Him !

344

C. M.

HEBER.

For the Day of Pentecost.

- 1 WE ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor, in our own.
- 2 We neither have nor seek the power
The demons to control ;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

345

S. M.

WATTS.

Blessedness of Gospel Times.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.”

- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

346

C. M.

COWPER.

Glory of the Word.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic as the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age ;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 Its truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let endless thanks, O God ! be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

347

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The Gospel.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's gentle voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around :
And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Divine Instructer ! gracious Lord !
 Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And read salvation there.

348

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Perfection of God's Law.

- 1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
 Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
 And thy commandments pure.
- 2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
 And make thy servant wise :
Let these be gladness to my heart,
 The day-spring to my eyes.

- 3 By these may I be warned betimes ;
 Who knows the guile within ?
 Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
 Cleanse me from secret sin.
- 4 So may the words my lips express,
 The thoughts which throng my mind,
 O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
 With thee acceptance find.

349

C. M.

LOGAN.

Heavenly Wisdom.

- 1 How happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice ;
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice !
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
 Than East or West unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 She guides the young, with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

350

S. M.

WATTS.

Excellence of God's Word.

- 1 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just ;
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

- 2 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.
- 3 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 4 While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Father and my God.

351

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Success of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth Through every pore,
And calls forth all Her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine :
The harvest bows Its golden ears,
The copious seed Of future years.
- 3 “So,” saith the God of grace,
“My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls Shall feel its power,
And bear it down To millions more.”

352

L. M.

WATTS.

Strength and Peace from God's Word.

- 1 THERE is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.
- 2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

353

C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Seed of the Word.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain :
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain ;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Let not the joys thy Gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove ;
Nor may the world by smiles or frowns
Our faith and hope remove.
- 4 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word ;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred fold afford.

354

7 & 6s. M.

The Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour ;
Each cry to Heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay ;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come.

355

L. M.

"Thy Word is a Lamp unto our Feet."

- 1 LAMP of our feet ! whose hallowed beam,
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
How welcome is the cheering gleam
Thou sheddest o'er our pilgrim path !

2 Light of our way, whose rays are flung,
 In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
 How blest its darkest shades among,
 The star that lights us to our God.

356

C. M.

HEBER.

The Seed of the Word.

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
 By whom the harvest's blest ;
 Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
 Is planted in our breast ;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plunderers of the air ;
 The sultry sun's intenser heat,
 And weeds of worldly care !
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
 Do thou thy grace supply :
 The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
 Shall ripen in the sky.

357

L. M.

WATTS.

Excellency and Success of the Gospel.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

- 3 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Thy richest mercy here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven ;
Lord ! cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

358

C. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
'T is music to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! O the power and grace
That here triumphant reign ;
To raise from sin, our erring race,
To life and God again.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
And all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

359

L. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Showers of Grace.

- 1 THE dews and rains, in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

- 2 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So in the secrecy of love
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 3 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind ;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

360

C. M.

CHRISTIAN Ps.

A Light to Lighten the Gentiles.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Hath seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power, increasing, still shall spread :
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

361

7 & 6s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

All Nations shall call Him Blessed.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He shall descend, like showers,
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end ;
 The tide of time shall never,
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is Love.

362

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People, and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

363

8 & 7s. M.

COWPER.

Future Glory of Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you :
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways :
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Never hear of war again ;
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

364

7s. M.

BOWRING.

Watchman tell Us of the Night.

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are ?
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountains height
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy fortell ?
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel !
- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet the star ascends.
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller ! ages are its own :
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller ! lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God, is come.

365

C. M.

WATTS.

Universal Spread of Spiritual Blessings.

- 1 THE common Parent, Lord of all,
Who sits enthroned above,
With perfect wisdom rules the world,
And with impartial love.
- 2 Soon may his name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad ;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour, and their God !
- 3 The day shall come, the happy day,
Such his eternal will,
When light, and truth, and grace divine,
The spacious earth shall fill.
- 4 God will diffuse the blessings round,
So richly scattered here,
Till the creation's utmost bound,
Shall see, adore, and fear.

366

L. M. 6 l.

The Desire of all Nations.

- 1 ARRAYER in clouds of golden light,
Brighter than heaven's effulgent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below.
How soft the music of his tongue !
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung !
- 2 Good-will henceforth to man be given,
The light of glory beams on earth :
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints rejoice in Shiloh's birth ;
In him all nations shall be blest,
And his shall be a glorious rest.

367

C. M.

SCOTCH PARA.

The Latter Day's Glory.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wandering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we 'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land :
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They 'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

368

C. M.

The Millenial Glory.

- 1 Who shall behold the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now !
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie ;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye !

2 Then, Judah ! thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain ;
 The days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again.
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaffed
 In peace, by all who come !
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

369

C. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

The Church.

- 1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
 Ere nature was begun,
 Make welcome to our erring race
 Thy Spirit, and thy Son.
- 2 We hail the church, built high o'er all
 The heathens' rage and scoff ;
 Thy Providence its fenced wall ;
 "The Lamb the light thereof."
- 3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat
 Through sorrows and through scars ;
 The golden lamps are at his feet,
 And in his hand the stars.
- 4 O may he walk among us here,
 With his rebuke and love ;
 A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
 A ray from worlds above.

370

C. M.

SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

The Christian Zion.

- 1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
 Unrivalled and alone,
 Loved theme of many a sacred song,
 God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
 The glory of all lands ;
 Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
 The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
 This glorious church compose ;
 Built on a rock, with idle rage
 The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
 For God is her defence ;
 How weak, how powerless is each arm,
 Against Omnipotence.

371

7s. M. 6l. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Glory of the Church.

1 On thy church, O Power Divine,
 Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
 Till the nations from afar
 Hail her as their guiding star ;
 Till her sons, from zone to zone,
 Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
 Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
 Earth shall yield her rich increase,
 Every breeze shall whisper peace,
 And the world's remotest bound
 With the voice of praise resound.

372

L. M.

The Church Triumphant.

1 ZION, awake ! thy strength renew,
 Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
 Church of our God, arise and shine
 In beams of grace and truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
The radiance of the morning star ;
And nations see, with pure delight,
The glory of thy heavenly light.

373.

8 & 7s. M.

J. NEWTON.

The City of God.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !

He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See ! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

The Christian Heart...and Christian Graces.

374

L. M. 6 l.

MORAVIAN.

The Hidden Love of God.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would — but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Still, hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from sin be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Longing to Love God.

- 1** LORD, my God, I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?
- 2** Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3** Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?
- 4** Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

"My Soul followeth hard after Thee.

- 1** My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2** My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

4 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

377

C. M.

COWPER.

For Deeper Love to God.

1 OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

378

C. M.

MOORE.

Flying to God.

1 THE dove, let loose in Eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
 Where idle warblers roam ;

- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft, through faith's serener air
 To urge my course to thee.
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

379

S. M.

Sweetness of God's Love.

- 1 My Father thou hast taught
 This heart to love but thee ;
 All other joys below are fraught
 With emptiness to me.
- 2 If sorrow shade my eyes,
 It is when thou art fled ;
 Low in the dust my spirit lies,
 And mourns its comforts dead.
- 3 But when thy smile appears,
 To chase my gloom away,
 How bursts my song ! how sink my fears !
 My night is turned to day.
- 4 Then, Lord, no more permit
 This heart from thee to rove ;
 O that I might for ever sit
 Low at thy feet in love.

380

L. M.

MORAVIAN.

Hoping for Grace.

- 1** My soul before thee prostrate lies ;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies ;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O let thy presence set me free !

- 2** In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore ;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

- 3** One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do :
Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

381

C. M.

TATE.

Experience of God's Love.

- 1** THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2** The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

- 3** O make but trial of his love ;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

- 4 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 O make his service your delight ;
 He'll make your wants his care.

382

L. M.

KEBLE.

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

- 1 BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
 Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul,
 God doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne,
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

383

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Reliance upon God.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 "Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care."
- 2 While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands unchanged
Down to the present day ;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

384

7s. M. SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

"He shall give his Angels Charge over Thee."

1 THEY, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell though danger's nigh ;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare ;
They shall be Jehovah's care :
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep ;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

385

S. M.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."

1 REJOICE in God alway ;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress ;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear,
 Rejoice in life and death ;
 Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
 And comfort languisheth.
- 4 When should not they rejoice,
 Whom Christ his brethren calls ;
 Who hear and know his guiding voice,
 When on their hearts it falls ?
- 5 So though our path is steep,
 And many a tempest lowers,
 Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
 And Christ's dear love be ours.

Confidence in God's Guardianship.

- 1 SEE the Lord, thy helper, stand,
 Omnipotently near :
 Lo ! he holds thee by the hand,
 And banishes thy fear :
 Shadows with his wings thy head ;
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread,
 The everlasting arms.
- 2 God shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art saved from sin ;
 Lean upon thy Father's breast ;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps :
 Rest in Him, securely rest ;
 Thy Guardian never sleeps.

387

C. M.

MERRICK.

The Soul waiting upon God.

1 AUTHOR of good ! we rest on thee ;
 Thine ever watchful eye
 Alone our real wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our footsteps guide !
 That love shall vainer loves expel ;
 That fear all fears beside.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
 Too oft with stubborn will,
 We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill ;

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply ;
 The good, unasked, O Father ! grant,
 The ill, though asked, deny.

388

C. M.

ADDISON.

Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I 'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renewed my face ;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
 And after death, in unknown worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

Thankfulness of Heart.

- 1 My Maker, and my King !
 To thee my all I owe ;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live :
 My God ! thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

390

S. M. BELKNAP'S COLL.

Filial Obedience.

- 1 My Father — I adore
That all-commanding name :
O may it virtue's strength restore,
And raise devotion's flame !
- 2 I bow at his commands,
And filial homage pay ;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I 'll cheerfully obey.
- 3 My Father thus I 'll claim,
And prove myself his son ;
And while I bear the filial name,
The filial duties own.
- 4 Do thou the strength impart,
This purpose to fulfil :
Lord ! write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

391

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Consecration to God.

- 1 My gracious God, I own thy right
To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend ?

3 Thy work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more ;
 And every hour of life confess
 Thy love hath animating power.

392

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

Self Dedication.

- 1 LORD in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
 Restore to thee thine own ;
 And from this moment, live or die
 To serve my God alone.

393

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Entire Consecration to God.

- 1 AH ! wretched soul, why strive in vain,
 Slave to the world — a slave to sin !
 A nobler toil I may sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy !
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.

- 4 O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
 Great God! accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

394

C. M.

COWPER.

For Entire Devotion.

- 1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ;
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize, to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

395

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

For Inward Purity.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.

- 2 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

396

S. M.

COWPER.

Dependence.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl ;
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsailing hand
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

397

L. M.

MERRICK.

Supplication to the Searcher of Hearts.

- 1** O HEAR me, Lord ! to thee I call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall :
O Lord ! my prayer propitious hear,
And bow to my requests thine ear.
- 2** Searcher of hearts ! my thoughts review ;
With kind severity pursue,
Through each disguise, thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.
- 3** To thee my inmost heart is known ;
Regard me from thy lofty throne ;
Nor e'er to my desiring eye
Thy presence, gracious Lord ! deny.

398

L. M.

WESLEY.

Deliverances Acknowledged.

- 1** GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2** In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3** Whither, oh whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast ;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest !

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O God, my wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run ;
 But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

399

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"My Meat is to do my Father's Will."

1 My gracious God, reveal
 Thy will concerning me ;
 Whate'er I do, whate'er I feel,
 Give me to follow thee.

2 The counsels of thy love
 Be on my heart impressed ;
 It then shall at thy bidding move,
 And at thy bidding rest.

3 Father, thy will be done !
 To thee I all resign ;
 The sole Disposer of thine own,
 Dispose of me and mine.

4 Whilst thou my Leader art,
 And mak'st me thine abode,
 I find the witness in my heart,
 That I am born of God.

400

L. M.

GREGG.

Not Ashamed of Jesus.

1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 On this benighted soul of mine.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let night disown its radiant star ;
 'T is midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 Ashamed of Jesus ! O, as soon
 Let morning blush to own her sun.
- 4 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name :
 And, O may this my portion be,
 My Saviour not ashamed of me !

401

L. M.

EXETER COLL.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 GRATEFUL the joyous news proclaim, —
 Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
 Salvation — shout the glorious sound,
 Proclaim it to the world around.
- 2 Tell every fearful trembling soul,
 That Gospel grace will make him whole :
 Invite the weary poor to come ;
 At Jesus' feast there still is room.
- 3 Jesus ; that name shall calm their fears,
 Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears ;
 Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast,
 And give the weary mourner rest.
- 4 Jesus, our Prophet, Saviour, King !
 For, Jesus, grateful praise we bring
 To thee, from whom His blessings flowed ;
 To thee, our Father and our God.

402

S. M.

HAMMOND.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power !
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices raise the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

403

C. M.

"Worthy is the Lamb."

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And dissipates his fear.
- 2 The gentle whisper of his voice,
So sweetly drawing near,
Can bid the trembling soul rejoice,
And dry the falling tear.

3 It makes the fainting spirit whole,
And calms the anxious breast :
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

4 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to sing of thee ;
No music like thy charming name,
So sweet or dear can be.

404

L. M.

KEBLE.

Seeking Christ's Constant Presence.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening." Luke xxiv. 29.

1 SUN of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold ;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
As through the world our way we take ;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

5 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

405

L. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem !
- 3 It is my guide, my light, my all ;
It bids my dark forebodings cease ;
Through every storm, through danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.
- 4 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem !

406

C. M.

HEMANS.

Christ Stilling the Tempest.

- 1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud ;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2 But the wind ceased — it ceased.— a word
Passed through the gloomy sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

- 3 Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
 And tame the tempest's mood,
 Oh! send thy spirit forth in power
 O'er our dark souls to brood!
- 4 Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
 Thy mandates to fulfil,
 Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
 Speak, and say, "Peace, be still."

407

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

Abiding in Christ.

- 1 Son of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my every want ;
 Tree of life, thy influence shed !
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,
 Wither without thee and die ;
 Weak as feeble infancy ;
 O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustained by thee I fall ;
 Send the grace for which I call ;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on grace depend ;
 Father, love me to the end ;
 Give me the continuing grace,
 Take the everlasting praise.

408

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"If any man Thirst, let Him come unto Me and Drink."

- 1 BLEST Spirit ! source of grace divine !
What soul refreshing streams are thine :
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest river, near my side,
Through all my journey gently glide ;
Then, in Emanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

409

7s. M.

"Lovest thou Me ? "

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord !
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word.
Jesus speaks, and says to thee,
"Ransomed spirit, lov'st thou me ? "
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light."

3 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

410

L. M.

WATTS.

"The Chiefest among Ten Thousand, and altogether Lovely."

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow ?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
Which from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 The voice of my Beloved sounds,
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies, to my relief.

4 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties, and his tongue ;
And as his wondrous love I see,
The pastures sweet are shown to me.

411

L. M.

Christ the Truth and the Life.

- 1** THOU art the Truth, whose steady day
 Shines on mid earthly blight or bloom ;
 The pure, the everlasting ray,
 The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;
 The Light that out of darkness springs,
 And guideth those that blindly go ;
 The Word whose precious radiance flings
 Its lustre upon all below.
- 2** Thou art the Life, the blessed Well
 With living waters gushing o'er,
 Which those that drink shall ever dwell
 Where sin and thirst are known no more.
 Thou art the mystic Pillar given ;
 Our Lamp by night, our Light by day ;
 Thou art the sacred Bread from heaven ;
 Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

412

8 & 7s. M.

Taking up the Cross.

- 1** SAVIOUR, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow thee ;
 Though by all things else forsaken,
 Thou my all in all shalt be ;
 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Thou canst give me sweetest rest.
- 2** Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy gracious love I know ;
 Oh ! 't is not in joy to charm me,
 While I feel thy Spirit's glow :

Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do and bear.

- 3 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee :
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day before thee,
 God's own hand to lead thee there.

413

S. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

For Christian Principles.

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye
 That ever watches unto prayer,
 And sees the tempter fly ;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

3 I rest upon thy word ;
 The promise is for me ;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

Universal Prayer.

- 1 TEACH me to feel another's wo,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
- 2 Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 3 This day be bread and peace my lot ;
 But all beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
 And let thy will be done.
- 4 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me, more than hell, to shun —
 That, more than heaven, pursue.
- 5 To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise.

415

7s. M.

Humble Supplication.

- 1 God of love! my sins forgive,
Bid me hope, and bid me live!
Let the dawning light control
All the darkness of my soul.
- 2 From the temple of my heart,
Bid each grovelling thought depart;
And, to guard its peace, supply
Steadfast Faith, and holy Joy:
- 3 Meek Repentance, in whose eyes
Tears of true contrition rise;
Gratitude, whose hands are pressed
Duteous on her glowing breast.
- 4 Heavenly Father! in whose sight
Darkness flashes into light,
Gracious, from thy throne on high,
Cast on me a pitying eye.

416

C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

Thy Kingdom Come.

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

- 3 The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin;
 The joy that human thought transcends,
 Now to our souls bring in.
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
 Which can no more remove;
 The perfect powers of Godliness,
 The omnipotence of Love.

417

7s. M.

CHURCHMAN

"I pray not that thou shouldest take them from the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." John xvii. 15.

- 1 PILGRIM in the path of life,
 Fainting in the daily strife,
 Wishing, longing to be free
 From thy load of misery;
 Panting for the heavenly home,
 Where no blighting sorrows come;
 List thy Saviour's prayer for thee,
 Wait his time to set thee free.
- 2 Mourner bending o'er the dead,
 From whose cheek the bloom has fled,
 Gazing on the darkened eye,
 Vainly asking for reply,
 Wishing that thy days were come
 To go unto thy risen one;
 List the Saviour's prayer for thee;
 Wait the time to set thee free.
- 3 "Not that thou should'st take away
 These thy creatures of a day,
 Pray I, Father, but that in
 Mercy, thou would'st save from sin;

Keep them in the evil hour
 Till their course of life be o'er."
 This, thy Saviour prayed for thee !
 Patient wait till thou art free.

418

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

Peace and Love.

- 1 SPIRIT of Peace ! who, as a dove,
 Appeared to human gaze,
 No richer gift than Christian love
 Thy gracious power displays.
- 2 'T is like the precious oil of old,
 Which, poured on Aaron's head,
 O'er all his garment's ample fold
 In grateful fragrance spread.
- 3 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
 That silently distils
 At evening's soft and balmy hour
 On Zion's fruitful hills :
- 4 So with mild influence from above
 Shall promised grace descend,
 Till universal peace and love
 O'er all the earth extend.

419

C. M.

WATTS.

Excellence of Love.

- 1 WHERE love with other graces reigns,
 The mind is truly blessed ;
 For love, the noblest of the train,
 Aids and exalts the rest.

- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
 Nor is provoked in haste ;
 She lets the present injury die,
 And soon forgets the past.
- 3 Love, by another's good required,
 Lays gain and ease aside ;
 So, by his fervent love inspired,
 For us our Master died.
- 4 Love is the grace which keeps her power
 In all the realms above :
 There, hope and faith are known no more,
 But saints forever love.

The Law of Love.

- 1 ALL Nature feels attractive power,
 A strong embracing force ;
 The drops that sparkle in the shower,
 The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
 Is felt the law of love ;
 The charity, both strong and kind,
 For all that live and move.
- 3 More perfect bond — the Christian plan —
 Attaches soul to soul ;
 Our neighbor is the suffering man,
 Though at the farthest pole.
- 4 To earth below, from heaven above,
 The faith in Christ professed,
 More clear reveals that God is love,
 And whom He loves is blessed.

421

C. M.

SCOTCH PAR.

Importance of Charity.

- 1 THOUGH every grace my speech adorned
That flows from every tongue ;
Though I could rise to loftier strains
Than ever angels sung :
- 2 Though with prophetic lore inspired,
I made all mysteries plain ;
Yet were I void of Christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.
- 3 Though I dispense, with liberal hand,
My goods to feed the poor ;
Or, firm to conscience and to truth,
A martyr's fate endure :
- 4 Nay, though my faith, with boundless power,
E'en mountains could remove ;
'T were all in vain, should I be found
A stranger still to love.

422

C. M.

DR. GREGORY.

Mutual Love.

- 1 SWEET is the love that mutual glows
Within each brother's breast,
And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
All blessing, and all blessed.
- 2 Sweet, as the odorous balsam poured
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,
A breathing fragrance shed :

- 3 Like morning dews, on Zion's mount,
That spread their silver rays ;
And deck with gems the verdant pomp
Which Hermon's top displays.
- 4 To such, the Lord of life and grace,
His blessing shall extend ;
On earth a life of joy and love,
And peace that ne'er shall end.

Fellowship of all Saints.

- 1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
To form one world agree ;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.
- 4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage
Thy statutes are their song ;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole ;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

424

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

For Brotherly Love.

- 1** GOD of love, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Son agree ;
Show to us the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2** By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3** Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on ;
There is neither bond nor free,
Neither great nor small in thee.
- 4** Free from envy and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

425

L. M.

BARBAULD.

Christian Friendship.

- 1** How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !
- 2** To each the soul of each how dear !
What fervent love, what tender fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
 For human guilt and mortal woe;
 Their ardent prayers together rise
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together shall they seek the place
 Where God reveals his glorious face :
 And learn the joys of realms above,
 A heaven of bliss, — because of love.

426

C. M.

BARBAULD.

Christian Sympathy.

- 1 BEHOLD ! where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands ;
 His weeping followers gathering round,
 Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell !
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well.
- 3 Blessed is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain ;
- 4 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 A stranger's wo to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
 My peace to him I give ;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.

427

S. M.

WATTS.

"How Pleasant to Dwell Together in Unity."

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet :
- 3 When streams from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul ;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above ;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

428

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Good Samaritan.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

429

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christian Sympathy.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, God of grace !
 The unfeeling heart remove ;
 And form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 3 O be the law of love fulfilled,
 In every act and thought ;
 Each angry passion far removed,
 Each selfish view forgot !
- 4 Be thou, my heart ! dilated wide
 With this kind, social grace ;
 And, in one grasp of fervent love,
 All earth and heaven embrace.

430

S. M.

ENFIELD.

Forgiveness.

- 1 I HEAR the voice of wo !
 I hear a brother's sigh !
 Then let my heart with pity flow,
 With tears of love, my eye.

- 2 I hear the thirsty cry !
 The hungry beg for bread !
 Then let my spring its stream supply,
 My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,
 Who would, but cannot pay ;
 And shall I lenity refuse,
 Who need it every day ?
- 4 And shall not wrath relent,
 Touched by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, "I repent,
 Nor will offend again ?"
- 5 How else, on soaring wing,
 Can hope bear high my prayer,
 Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
 To plead for pardon there ?

431

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Christian Unity.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
 And only kindness known ;
 Where all one common Father have,
 One common Master own.

4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of pleasure always flow,
 And every heart is love.

432

C. M.

WESLEYAN.

For Sincerity.

- 1 WE bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere ;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper ?
- 2 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
 In this our gracious day ;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 3 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
 And then enrich the poor ;
 The knowledge of our sickness give,
 The knowledge of our cure.
- 4 Convince us of our unbelief,
 And freely then release ;
 Fill every soul with sacred grief,
 And then with sacred peace.

433

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

Meekness.

- 1 O ARM me with the mind,
 Saviour, that was in thee !
 And let my fervid zeal be joined
 With perfect charity.

- 2 Control my every thought ;
 My whole of sin remove ;
 Let all my works in thee be wrought ;
 Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove !
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

434

S. M.

SCOTT.

Christian Independence.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
 And dreads the curious eye ;
 But sacred truths the test invite,
 They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain
 A meek, inquiring mind ;
 Assured we shall not search in vain,
 But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
 Created to be free,
 Our faith on man we dare not rest,
 Subject to none but thee.
- 4 The truth thou shalt impart,
 May we with firmness own ;
 Abhorring each evasive art,
 And fearing God alone.

435

L. M.

WOTTON.

Spiritual Independence..

- 1** How happy is he born, or taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2** Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.
- 3** Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend ;
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.
- 4** This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

436

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

Simplicity of Heart.

- 1** LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity ;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.
- 2** Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride ;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet :

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, humble as a child ;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
God of truth and righteousness ;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal to my heart.

437

L. M. MONTGOMERY, ALT.

“He that Humbleth Himself, shall be Exalted.”

1 THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

2 Ah ! she who chose the better part,
In meekness sat at Jesus' feet :
And thus her loving, lowly heart,
Was made for God's own temple meet.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends.

4 The hearts that learn God's perfect love,
Themselves in self-abasement see ;
And lowliest, at thy throne above,
Are ever nearest, Lord, to thee.

Prayer for Humility.

- 1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
We shall, as our Master, be
Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Like unto a little child ;
Pleased with all the Lord provides :
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix our souls on thee ;
Every evil let us flee ;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined !
Him let every soul adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

Contentment.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer arise :
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee :

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And bless my journey's end.

440

S. M.

CH. PSALMIST.

Doing All to God's Glory.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see ;
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee !

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to thee I tend ;
 In all I do be thou the way ;
 In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake :
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine ;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
 The meanest work divine.

441

8 & 7s. M. MISS WINSLOW.

"Fulfil the Work given Thee to Do."

1 WHY my soul, forever sighing
 For the unattained and dim ;
 While the fair, around thee lying,
 Offers up its constant hymn ?

- 2** Wouldst thou listen to its teaching,
 All thy longings it would still ;
 Every leaf and flower are preaching,
 Thine own sphere at first, to fill.
- 3** Poor thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of joy canst throw ;
 If no cord of love hath bound thee
 To thy race, for weal or wo.
- 4** Not by deeds that win applauses,
 Not by works of wide renown,
 Not by martyrdom or crosses,
 Canst thou win th' immortal crown.
- 5** Daily striving, though so lonely,
 Every day reward will give ;
 Thou wilt find, in striving, only,
 And in loving, thou canst live.
- 6** Nature answers to the spirit ;
 Sweetly to the pure she sings ;
 All the grace she doth inherit,
 Round the trusting child she flings.

Contentment in Lowly Duty.

- 1** If on our daily course, our mind
 Be set, to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 2** The trivial round, the common task,
 Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

- 3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see ;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 4 Seek we no more ; content with these,
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
 The secret this of rest below.

443

C. M.

WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

- 1 I want a principle within,
 A jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility to sin ;
 A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or wrong desire ;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make !
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

Watching and Prayer.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil :
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 The strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely :
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forsaken die.

Activity and Watchfulness.

1 YE servants of the Lord !
 Each in your office wait,
 Observant of his heavenly word,
 And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame :
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight ;
 For awful is his name.

3 Watch ! 't is your Lord's command ;
 And while we speak, he 's near :
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

446

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

For Steadfastness in Obedience.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace !
 We hail thy sacred name ;
 Through every year's revolving round,
 Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, unworthy as we are,
 Its blessings still it pours ;
 Sure as the heaven's established course,
 And plenteous as the showers.

3 Our former follies, Lord ! we mourn,
 And now thy grace implore
 To guide our often erring steps,
 That we may stray no more.

4 So, by thy power, the morning sun
 Pursues his radiant way,
 Brightens each moment in his race,
 And shines to perfect day.

Inconstancy Lamented.

- 1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Are emblems of the fickle mind ;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear ;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.
- 3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Are scarcely through an hour the same ;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.
- 4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness ;
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee !

Frailty of Man.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

3 Bound on a voyage of fearful length,
 Through dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast ;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

449

C. M.

NEWTON.

True and false Zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
 The fire of love supplies ;
 While that which often bears the name,
 Is self, in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
 Can pity and forbear ;
 The false, is head-strong, fierce, and wild,
 And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
 He knows the worth of peace ;
 But self contends for names and forms,
 Its party to increase.

4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
 And be applauded here ;
 But zeal the best applause will gain,
 When Jesus shall appear.

5 O God, the idol self, dethrone,
 And from our hearts remove ;
 And let no zeal by us be shown,
 But that which springs from love.

450

L. M.

COWPER.

Returning Peace.

- 1** WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, O my Father, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2** Ah! let me then again be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 3** Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 4** But, O my God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

451

C. M.

J. NEWTON.

Christian Perseverance.

- 1** REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2** Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or, fainting, shall not die ;
 For God, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
 Faith sees him always near,
 A Guide, a Glory, a Defence ;
 Then what have you to fear ?

452

C. M.

BARTON.

Walk in the Light.

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His Spirit only can bestow
 Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined ;
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt see
 Thy path forever bright ;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee :
 And God himself is light !

453

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Faith in the Invisible God.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his glory 's there.

- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom ;
 The great Invisible can see ;
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fixed regards, great God ! on thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
 And all the glowing, raptured soul,
 The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !
 Witness to its supreme desire :
 Behold it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge —
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight.

*He that spared not His own Son, shall He not with
 him freely give us all things ?*

- 1 My fainting scul ! arise and sing ;
 Rise, but be humble on thy wing ;
 Mount up, for Heaven is won by prayer —
 Be humble, for thou art not there.
- 2 The struggling spark of good within,
 Just smothered in the strife of sin,
 Thus quicken to a timely glow,
 The pure flame spreading high and low.
- 3 The day of love shall dawn at last,
 The days of hope and prayer be past ;
 Doubt not the gracious will of Heaven ;
 Who gave His Son, sure all has given.

455

C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

“The Just shall live by Faith.”

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's evidence
 Of things unseen by mortal eye ;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
 And penetrates the inmost sky.
- 2 With strong persuasion from afar,
 The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
 And here enjoys the promises.
- 3 Though in this world of change and fear,
 No cloud upon its hope can be,
It sweetly brings the spirit near,
 The changeless love of God to see.

456

S. M. CH. WATCHMAN, ALT.

“Faith is the Substance of things hoped for.”

- 1 THE Faith that works by love,
 And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above,
 To mortals can impart.
- 2 It is the Christian's stay
 Whereon his sorrows lean ;
His living hope through all his way,
 His proof of things unseen.
- 3 It is the polar star
 To guide where'er he roam,
And leads his wanderings from afar,
 To his eternal home.

- 4 It is the rainbow's form
 Hung on the brow of heaven ;
 The glory of the passing storm,
 The pledge of mercy given.
- 5 The anchor of the soul
 Within the veil to be ;
 Though tempests rage and billows roll,
 " There shall be no more sea."

The Way of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 My God ! the steps of pious men
 Are ordered by thy will ;
 Though they should fall, they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home ;
 God keeps them now, and makes them heirs
 Of blessings long to come.
- 3 The haughty sinner have I seen,
 Not fearing man nor God ;
 Like princely laurel, fair and green,
 Spreading its arms abroad :
- 4 And lo ! he vanished from the ground,
 Destroyed by hands unseen ;
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
 Where all that pride had been.
- 5 But mark the man of righteousness,
 His several steps attend ;
 True pleasure runs through all his ways,
 And peaceful is his end.

458

C. M.

The full Assurance of Faith.

- 1 THERE is a flower, a holy one,
That blossoms on my path;
No need of dew, or daily sun,
Or falling showers, it hath.
- 2 It blooms as brightly in the storm,
As in the cloudless sky,
And rears unharmed its humble form,
When others fade and die.
- 3 That plant is Faith : its holy leaves
Reviving odor shed,
Where pain is felt, or sorrow grieves
O'er sweetest comforts fled.
- 4 God is its sun — his living light
In happy hours he lends,
And silently, in sorrow's night,
His heavenly dew descends.

459

L. M.

BARBAULD.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

3 Come, then, my soul ! now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield ;
 Put on the armor, from above,
 Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

460

L. M.

DRUMMOND.

Faith without Works is dead.

1 As body, when the soul has fled,
 As barren trees, decayed and dead,
 Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
 If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
 One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
 Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
 Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3 In true and genuine faith, we trace
 The source of every Christian grace ;
 Within the pious heart it plays,
 A living fount of joy and praise.

4 Kind deeds of peace and love, betray
 Where'er the stream has found its way ;
 But where these spring not rich and fair,
 The stream has never wandered there.

For Increase of Faith.

1 LORD, I believe ; thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey ;
 I wander comfortless and lone,
 When from thy truth I stray.

- 2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight ;
 I look to thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe ; but thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak ;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only thou
 Canst give my soul relief ;
 Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow ;
 Help thou my unbelief !

462

L. M. 6 l.

“*Rejoicing in Hope.*”

- 1 THERE is a star whose gentle ray,
 Forever shines serenely bright,
 And beams upon the Christian’s way
 To bless him with its holy light.
 From the eternal throne it gleams,
 And sheds on man its radiant beams.
- 2 When on life’s stormy seas we ride,
 When all is dark, and all is drear,
 When fearful swells the foaming tide,
 Oh then its blessed rays appear,
 And gently pour the light of love,
 To lift the tearful eye above.
- 3 ’T is Christian Hope — that sweetest star ;
 In every dark desponding fear,
 O let its ray come from afar,
 The weariness of woe to cheer.
 Though winds arise, and billows roll,
 Hope is the anchor of the soul.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

- 1** WE tread the path our Master trod :
 We bear the cross he bore ;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierced before.
- 2** OFT do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.
- 3** WE purge our mortal dross away,
 Refining as we run ;
 And while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.

The Accepted Offering.

- 1** FATHER of our feeble race !
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfin'd.
- 2** Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.
- 3** Lord ! what offering shall we bring,
 To thine altârs when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow :

- 4 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal store.
- 5 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee and all mankind.

465

L. M.

H. MOORE.

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !
 Fountain of reason ! judge of right !
 Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
 On all above, and all below :
- 2 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be,
 What nature and thy laws decree ;
 Worthy that intellectual flame,
 Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 May our expanded souls disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
 But with a Christian zeal embrace,
 Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 4 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
 No more we wish, no more we want :
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

466

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Humble Supplication.

- 1 FATHER of all our mercies — thou
 In whom we move and live,
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
 And answer, and forgive.

- 2 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 4 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace.

Prayer for God's constant Aid.

- 1 GREAT God ! my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend !
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear ;
The frailty of my heart reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire !
- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceived approach of sin ;
Look up to thee when danger 's nigh,
And feel thy love control within.

468

S. M.

PATRICK.

Holy Desires.

- 1** GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2** The humble soul he guides ;
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who him in truth obey.
- 3** Give me the tender heart
That mingles fear with love ;
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shalt approve.
- 4** O ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt !
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

469

L. M.

CHRISTIAN Ps.

For Continual Help.

- 1** BE with me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do ;
Suggest whate'er I think or say ;
Direct me in thy narrow way.
- 2** Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide ;
Show me my weakness, let me see,
I have my power, my all from thee.
- 3** Enrich me alway with thy love ;
My kind protection ever prove ;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 O may I never do my will,
 But thine and only thine fulfil.
 Let all my time, and all my ways,
 Be spent and ended to thy praise.

For the Help of God.

- 1 FAR from the paths of men, to Thee
 I sacredly retire ;
 O Thou, who dost in secret see,
 Now grant my heart's desire.
- 2 Thy grace I languish to receive,
 Thy gift of love and power ;
 Blameless before thy face to live,
 To live and sin no more.
- 3 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
 And know my sins forgiven !
 And do on earth thy perfect will,
 As angels do in heaven.
- 4 Kindle the flame of love within,
 Which may to heaven ascend ;
 And now the work of grace begin,
 Which shall in glory end.

Make our Hearts thy Temple.

- 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire !
 Love divine, thyself impart :
 Every fainting soul inspire ;
 Enter every drooping heart :
 Every mournful sinner cheer,
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Father, in thy grace appear,
 To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour,
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin :
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less :
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace.

472

8, 7 & 4s. M.

ROBINSON.

God the Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

473

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

“He that hath the Son hath Life.”

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can trust —
 “The Son of God is mine !”
 Happy, though humbled in the dust ;
 Rich in this gift divine.
- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,
 And shall forever live ;
 Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
 And endless vigor give.

- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,
 Nor will the Lord deny ;
 Nor will celestial mercy see
 Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtained, for praise alone
 We wish continued breath ;
 And, taught by blest experience, own
 That praise can live in death.

Walking with God.

- 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Do all their days with God begin,
 And spend them in his fear.
- 2 Midst hourly cares, may love present
 Its incense to thy throne ;
 And while the world its hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought ;
 And by each various providence
 Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,
 Or by temptations tried,
 We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
 And in thy strength confide.
- 5 In solid, pure delights like these,
 Let all our days be past ;
 Nor shall we then impatient, wish,
 Nor shall we fear the last.

475

L. M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

Christian Wisdom.

- 1 HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compared to her.
- 3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
- 4 Happy the man who Wisdom gains:
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

476

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

True Life and Rest.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Here, in this vale of tears,
 Begins the life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love :
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 O what appalling horrors hang
 Around the “second death !”
- 5 O God, we end our quest ;
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love, — the rest
 Of immortality.

“There Remaineth a Rest for the People of God.”

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
 From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
 The world’s allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
 From all the wanderings of thy thought ;
 From sickness unto death made whole ;
 Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
 From passions every hour at strife ;
 Sin’s works, and ways, and wages spurn,
 Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest ; with heart inclined
 To keep his word, that word believe ;
 Christ is thy rest ; with lowly mind,
 His light and easy yoke receive.

478

C. M.

The Inner World of Love.

- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath heard its joy.
- 2 There is a world,— and O how blest !
Fairer than prophets told ;
And never did an angel guest,
One half its peace unfold.
- 3 Ah, this pure world is ever bright
With radiance all its own ;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the throne.
- 4 Look not abroad with roving mind,
To seek that fair abode ;
It comes, where'er the lowly find
The perfect peace of God.

479

7 & 6s. M.

COWPER.

Joy and Peace in Believing.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings ;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;

Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown morrow
 Bring with it what it may !

- 3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet, God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

Rejoicing in God..

- 1 Thou hidden source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if thou art mine !
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Father, in thy name.
- 2 Father, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
 The healing of my broken heart ;
 In strife, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 3 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light, in evil's darkest hour :
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
 My life in death, my all in all.

Funeral Hymns... Death... Heaven.

481

6 & 4s. M.

HEMANS.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
 Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour
When earth, all succoring power
 Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
 Sustain us thou !
- 3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
 Aid us, O God !
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
 Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
Keep us in life and death,
 Thine, only thine.

The Death of a Child.

- 1 Ah ! not for thee was woven
 That wreath of joy and woe,
 That crown of thorns and flowers,
 Which all must wear below ;
 We bend in sadness o'er thee,
 Yet feel that thou art blest,
 Loved one ! so early summoned,
 To enter into rest.
- 2 E'en now thy bright young spirit
 From earthly life is free ;
 Now hast thou met that Saviour,
 Who smiled on such as thee ;
 E'en now art thou rejoicing,
 Unsullied as thou art,
 In the blest vision promised
 Unto the pure in heart.
- 3 Thou Father of our spirits,
 We can but look to thee !
 Though chastened, not forsaken,
 Shall we thy children be.
 We take the cup of sorrow
 As did thy blessed Son ;
 Teach us to say with Jesus,
 “ Thy will, not ours, be done.”

“ Go to thy Rest.”

- 1 Go to thy rest, fair child !
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefiled,
 With blessings on thy head.

- 2 Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray ;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way :
- 3 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear ;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere.
- 4 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a fond delight, —
- 5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain ?
No ! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

484

8 & 7s. M.

MOIR, ALT.

At the Grave of a Child.

- 1 FARE thee well, our fondly cherished ;
Dear, dear blossom, fare thee well ;
He who lent thee, hath recalled thee,
Back with him and his to dwell.
- 2 Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling
Shone thy presence, bright and calm ;
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure ;
To our sorrows thou wert balm.
- 3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one !
Come no visions of despair !
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
Saith, thou art not, art not, there.

- 4 Where then art thou ? with the Saviour,
Blest, forever blest to be ;
Mid the sinless, little children,
Who have heard his " Come to me."
- 5 Passed the shades of Death's dark valley,
Thou art leaning on his breast,
Where the wicked may not enter,
And the weary are at rest.
- 6 Plead that in a Father's mercy,
All our sins may be forgiven ;
Angel ! plead, that thou may'st greet us,
Ransomed, at the gates of Heaven.

The Good Man's Departure.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light ;
It melts in deepening gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 3 How mildly on the wandering cloud,
The sunset beam is cast !
'T is like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 4 And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears :
So faith springs in the hearts of those,
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

486

6 & 5s. M. HEMANS, ALT.

Funeral Hymn. For a Child.

- 1** FATHER, now receive him
To thy bosom mild ;
For with thee we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child !
- 2** Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our hearts' dismay.
- 3** Now let thought behold him
In his angel rest ;
Where those arms enfold him
To a Saviour's breast.
- 4** We yield but what was given,
At thy holy call ;
The beautiful to Heaven,
Thou who givest all !
- 5** Still mid heavy mourning
Look thee now to God !
There, thy spirit turning,
Kneel around the sod.

487

7s. M.

“ This Mortal shall put on Immortality.”

- 1** SEE the lovely blooming flower,
Fades and withers in an hour !
See our dearest comfort fly ;
See it only bloom to die !
- 2** See, beyond the darkling tomb,
That sweet flower in radiant bloom !
Fadeless in the heavenly air,
It will bloom forever there.

488

L. M.

BARBAULD.

The Righteous blessed in Death.

- 1 How blessed the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
" How blessed the righteous when he dies ! "

489

10s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Christian in his Prime.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power ;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the field is won.

- 3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,
 In Death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave : no, take thy seat above ;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

490

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Death of an Aged Servant.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy lov'd employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came,
 He started up to hear ;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
 He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 The pains of death are past ;
 Labor and sorrow cease ;
 And, life's long service closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy blest employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

491

P. M.

MILMAN.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1** BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown,
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown :
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest.
- 2** Sin no more can taint thy spirit,
 Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;
 Thy soul its welcome has received,
 Thy strength shall never fail :
 And thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest.
- 3** To thy grave we sadly bear thee,
 There in dust we place thy head ;
 We lay the turf above thee now,
 And seal thy narrow bed :
 But thy spirit soars away,
 Free, among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest.

492

8 & 7s. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1** SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze ;
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low ;
 Thou no more wilt join our number ;
 Here, no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
 But 't is God that hath bereft us :
 He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life has fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

493

P. M.

POPE.

The Dying Christian.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
 “ Sister spirit, come away.”
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;
 Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

494

7s. M.

TOPLADY.

" Oh Death ! where is thy Sting ? "

- 1 DEATHLESS soul, in joy arise ;
Soar, thou native of the skies :
Go to stand before the throne,
Made for God, to God return.
- 2 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away :
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.
- 3 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him :
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.
- 4 See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through :
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

495

C. M.

HEMANS.

The Departed Spirit's Home.

- 1 ANSWER me, burning stars of night !
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze, hath flown ?
- 2 O many toned and chainless wind !
Thou art a wanderer free ;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount or sea ?

- 3 Ye clouds, that gorgeously repose
 Around the setting sun,
 Answer ! have ye a home for those
 Whose earthly race is run ?
- 4 Oh speak, thou voice of God within !
 Thou of the deep low tone !
 Answer me, through life's restless din,
 Where is the spirit flown ?
- 5 And the voice answers, " Be thou still ;
 Enough to know is given :
 Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part fulfill,
 Thine is to trust in Heaven ! "

496

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

The Departed.

- 1 WHEN spirits from their cumbering clay
 Ascend to heaven's bright shore,
 Our hoping hearts in triumph say,
 "Not lost, but gone before."
- 2 The wheel lies broken at the fount,
 The pitcher at the spring ;
 But upward doth the spirit mount,
 And notes of glory sing.
- 3 Then calmly may our spirits bow
 Beneath affliction's rod ;
 Who, who would murmur that the lost
 Are safe in joy and God.

497

C. M.

Calm on the Bosom of thy God.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Bright spirit, rest thee now ;
 E'en while this earth was thine abode,
 His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath ;
 Soul, to its home on high ;
 Who that hath seen thy look in death,
 But counts it gain to die ?

498

C. M.

WATTS, ALT.

Why do we Mourn ?

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at Death's alarms ?
 'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 'T is but the consecrated way
 To their eternal home.

499

C. M.

Departing to God.

- 1 AH go ! thou gentle spirit, go,
 Back to thy native skies ;
 Go, where Siloa's waters flow,
 And Zion's mountains rise.
- 2 Go, where the summer ever glows,
 The flowers forever bloom ;
 Go, where the night no shadow throws,
 Nor sin its darker gloom.
- 3 Go, where no sorrows wring the heart,
 Where care cannot annoy :
 And where the only tears that start,
 Are tears of gushing joy.

- 4 To the glad city go — whose street
 By seraph feet is trod ;
 Where prophets, saints and martyrs meet
 To hymn the praise of God.
- 5 Where they, who ran like thee, the race,
 Have found a joyous rest !
 Have seen their Master face to face,
 And leaned upon his breast.
- 6 The angel standeth at the gate,
 His eyes with rapture glow ;
 Thy sister spirits for thee wait,
 Go, gentle spirit, go.

500

S. M.

HEMANS, ALT.

*"Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !"*

- 1 COME to the land of peace !
 From shadows come away ;
 Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
 And storms no more have sway !
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling there ;
 But pure repose and love
 Breathe through the bright celestial air,
 The spirit of the Dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,
 Gathered from every land ;
 For there thy soul shall find its rest,
 Amidst the shining band.
- 4 In thy divine abode
 Change leaves no saddening trace ;
 Come, trusting spirit, to thy God !
 Thy holy resting place.

Blessed are the Dead.

- 1 THE holy dead ! why weep ye so
Above their sable bier ?
Thrice blessed ! when in peace they go ;
The blest may claim no tear.
- 2 There is no tear-drop in their eye,
Nor change upon their brow ;
Their placid bosoms heave no sigh,
Mid toils or sorrows now.
- 3 Think of their heavenly wreath,
The bright bowers never dim ;
And tell me why thou fliest from death,
Or hid'st thy friends from him ?
- 4 We faintly dream, but they awake ;
Dark visions mar our rest ;
Mid thorns and snares our way we take ;
And yet we mourn the blessed.
- 5 For those who throng th' eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed :
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call the dead.

Life and Death.

- 1 OH ! fear not thou to die !
But fear to live ; for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain and strife :

- 2 But fear, O ! rather fear
 The gay, the tempting scene ;
 The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
 From heaven thy heart to wean.
- 3 Fear, lest in evil hour,
 Thy holy hope o'ercome
 By heavy clouds that round thee lower,
 Thy spirit feel that gloom.
- 4 O fear not thou to die !
 Thy great departure sing ;
 The grave hath now no victory,
 And death can have no sting.

503

8 & 4s. M. MONTGOMERY.

“ The Spirit returns to God who gave it.”

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found.
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground :
- 2 The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day !
- 3 Now, traveller mid these flying years !
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through heavy clouds, or boding fears,
 Pursue thy flight.
- 4 The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The soul immortal as its Sire,
 Shall never die !

504

11s. M. CUNNINGHAM, ALT.

"Are they not all Ministering Spirits?"

- 1 How dear is the thought, that the spirits in bliss
May bow their bright wings to a world such as
this ;
That this is the joy of the mansions above,
To stand near the throne as the angels of love.
- 2 They come, on the wings of the morning they
come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home ;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.
- 3 They come when we wander, — they come when
we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray ;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given ;
Encircling us here, are these angels of heaven.

505

8, 8 & 6s. M.

MISS. MAG.

Heaven.

- 1 Lo ! the seal of death is breaking ;
Those who slept its sleep are waking ;
Heaven opes its portals fair !
Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark ! the seraph's hymn is flinging,
Music on immortal air.
- 2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love ;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time, are blowing
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth ;
 There no tear of misery welleth ;
 Hearts will bleed or break no more ;
 Past is all the cold world's scorning,
 Gone the night, and broke the morning
 Over all the golden shore.

506

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

My Heavenly Home.

- 1 My Father's house on high !
 Home of my soul ! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy joyous gates appear !
- 2 I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of heaven
 Seraphic music pour.
- 3 O then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love ;
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 My glorious home above.

507

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Heaven.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
 But all who hope to enter there,
 Must here that holy course begin,
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, is us create,
 Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
 Commence we now that higher state,
 Now do thy will as angels do.

3 In Jesus's footsteps may we tread,
 Learn every lesson of his love ;
 And be from grace to glory led,
 From heaven below to heaven above.

The Promised Land.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green :
 So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With clear, unclouded eyes ; —
- 6 Could we but stand, as Moses stood,
 And view the prospect o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

509

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Song of the Redeemed.

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime and land,
 A multitude unknown.
- 2 Toil, trial, suffering still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng ;
 Yet learn we in our low estate,
 The church triumphant's song.
- 3 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Cry the redeemed above,
 Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
 Who died our souls to save ;
 Henceforth, O Death ! where is thy sting !
 Thy victory, O Grave !
- 5 Then hallelujah ! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given ;
 May all who now this anthem raise,
 Repeat the song in heaven.

510

C. M.

HEMANS, ALT.

A Vision of Heaven.

- 1 OH ! Heaven is where no secret dread
 May haunt us by its power :
 Where from the past, no gloom is shed
 Over the present hour.

- 2 And there the living waters flow
 Along the radiant shore ;
 My soul, *now* wandering here, shall know
 Its burning thirst no more.
- 3 The burden of the stranger's heart
 Which here unknown we bear,
 Like the night-shadow shall depart,
 With our first wakening there.
- 4 And borne on eagle's wings afar,
 Free thought shall claim its dower
 From every sphere, from every star,
 Of glory and of power.
- 5 There every severed wreath is bound ;
 And none shall hear the knell
 That smites the soul in that sad sound ;
 “ Farewell ! beloved, farewell ! ”

Foretaste of Heaven.

- 1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
 Since the sweet earnest of his love
 O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains !
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,
 What joy it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
 When sorrow pains our hearts no more,
 How shall we view the Prince of Light,
 And all his works of grace explore !
 What heights and depths of love divine
 Will there through endless ages shine !

3 This is the heaven I long to know ;
 For this, with patience, I would wait,
 Till raised from heaven here below,
 I mount to my celestial seat,
 And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
 And, with the elders, cast them down.

512

12s. M. CHRIS. EXAMINER.

*The Love in the Things that are Seen, an Image
 of the Love in the Unseen.*

- 1 THE earth arrayed in light, in summer's golden hours,
 Smiles in her beauty clad, and crowned with festal flowers,
 So radiantly fair, so like to heaven above,
 We scarce can deem more bright, that world of perfect love.
- 2 Is this a shadow dim, of that which is to come ?
 What shall the glories be, of our celestial home !
 Where waves the tree of life, where streams of life gush free,
 All glowing in the light of immortality !
- 3 When on devotion's wing, the spirit soars above
 And feels thy presence here, God of eternal love !
 Joys of the earth ! ye fade before that living ray,
 Which gives the soul a glimpse, of pure and perfect day.
- 4 A gleam of heaven's own light, though now it scarce appears,
 Beams through the heavy shades around our fading years ;
 But God's unclouded smile, fills that all glorious place ;
 We know as we are known, we see thee face to face.

513

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.
- 4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

514

C. M.

Longing to see God.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I 'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !

- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
 And 't is a pleasing sight ;
 But to abide in thine embrace,
 Is infinite delight.
- 3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen ;
 In holy joy they move,
 And drink immortal vigor in,
 With wonder and with love.
- 4 There may they soar unto the height
 Of glory and of God ;
 While living streams of pure delight
 Flow round their bright abode.

515

C. M.

CHRISTIAN Ps.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blessed seats ! through bright or stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy peace shall see.

516

11s. M.

MUHLENBURG.

"To be with Christ, which is far better."

- 1** I WOULD not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;
 Temptation without, and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 2** Who, who would live alway, so far from his God ;
 Away from yon heaven, that brighter abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 3** Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

517

C. M.

WATTS.

Communion of Saints.

- 1** BEHOLD the innumerable host
 Of angels, clothed in light !
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight !
- 2** Behold the blest assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven ;
 And God, the judge of all, declares
 Their sins to be forgiven.

3 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of his grace partake.

4 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest ;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be forever blest.

518

C. M. LIVERPOOL COLL.

Reunion of Friends.

1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
 Shall meet to part no more,
 And with celestial welcome greet,
 On an immortal shore.

2 The parent finds the long-lost child ;
 Brothers on brothers gaze ;
 The tear of resignation mild
 Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
 With endless bliss is crowned ;
 All that was dead, revives again ;
 All that was lost, is found.

4 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange ;
 Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
 On wings of love to range.

5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
 And looks complacent down ;
 The smile that owns their filial claim
 Is their immortal crown.

519

C. M.

WESLEY, ALT.

Heavenly Joy.

- 1** How happy every child of grace
Who feels his sins forgiven !
Though earth be still his dwelling-place,
He finds the peace of heaven.
- 2** O wondrous joy ! O blessed hope !
While here on earth we stay,
To heaven our souls are lifted up ;
Its light spreads o'er our way.
- 3** We feel the resurrection near,
Our life with Christ concealed ;
And with his blessed presence here
Our longing spirits filled.
- 4** And will he more of heaven bestow,
All of his love and grace ?
Then shall our soaring spirits go,
To see him face to face.

520

C. M.

WESLEY.

Praise for God's Grace.

- 1** HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all his steps they find,
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2** The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing thy grace in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 We in the kingdom of thy grace ;
 The kingdoms are but one.

521

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Communion of Saints.

1 THE saints on earth, and those above,
 But one communion make ;
 Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of one grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him :
 One church above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

4 O God ! be thou our constant guide !
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And bear us safe to heaven.

522

L. M.

"Blessed are They that Mourn."

1 DEEM not that they are blessed alone,
 Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The God who loves our race has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall beam again
 From lids that now o'erflow with tears,
 And weary hours of wo and pain
 Are earnests of serener years.
- 3 O there are days of hope and rest
 For every dark and troubled night !
 And grief may bide, an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with morning light.
- 4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier,
 Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
 Will give him to thy arms again.

523

7s. M.

S. F. ADAMS.

Dews and Tears.

- 1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
 Raising still the languid flowers ;
 Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
 O'er a mourner's stricken hours.
- 2 Blessed dews and tears that yet
 Lift us nearer unto heaven !
 Let us still his praise repeat,
 Who in mercy all hath given.

524

P. M.

SELECT HYMNS.

Eternal Reunion.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again ?
 Meet ne'er to sever ?
 When will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever ?

Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, — no, never !

2 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour ;
May we all there unite,
 Happy forever :
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, — no, never !

3 Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever :
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from fears or woes ;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never, — no, never !

Various Occasions.

525

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Children Offered to God.

- 1 SEE Israel's Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach,
“ Forbid them not,” he cried ;
“ Of such my Father’s kingdom is, . . .
And such with him abide.”
- 3 We bring them, gracious Lord,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left,
Thy guardian love we trust ;
That love can heal our bleeding hearts,
When weeping o’er their dust.

526

8 & 7s. M.

Baptism.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd’s kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share ;

- 2 Now, this little one receiving,
 Fold it in thy gracious arm :
 There we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,
 Let it be the lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep it in life's doubtful way :
- 4 Then within thy fold eternal,
 Let it find a resting-place ;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

527

C. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

Baptism of a Child.

- 1 O HAPPY arms, where cradled lies,
 Meet for the Lord's embrace,
 That bright and precious sacrifice,
 The darling of his grace.
- 2 O tender gem, and full of heaven,
 Not in the stars on high,
 Not in the fragrant flowers of even,
 See we our God so nigh.
- 3 Thou Fount of holy human love
 That in the parent springs,
 O'er it let thine Eternal Dove
 Hover with softest wings !
- 4 Haste thee sweet child to know Him too,
 To yield thy fondest love ;
 That purer than the early dew,
 Thy opening sweets may prove.

528

S. M. SALISBURY COLL.

The Promise is to You and Your Children.

- 1 LORD ! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace ;
Thy love in long succession shown
To every rising race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine ;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.
- 3 Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore :
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
- 4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God ;
To latest times thy blessing share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

529

C. M.

HEBER.

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage !
- 5 O thou who giv'st us life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

530

C. M.

CH. EXAMINER.

Remember now thy Creator.

- 1 YE joyous ones ! upon whose brow
 The light of youth is shed,
 O'er whose glad path life's early flowers
 In glowing beauty spread,
 Forget not Him whose love hath poured
 Around that golden light ;
 And tinged those opening buds of hope
 With hues so softly bright.
- 2 Thou tempted one ! just entering
 Upon "enchanted ground,"
 Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
 Ten thousand foes surround.
 A dark and a deceitful band,
 Upon thy path they lower ;
 Trust not thine own unaided strength,
 To save thee from their power.

3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
 May soon be dimmed with tears,
 To whom the hours of bitterness
 Will come in coming years,
 Teach early thy confiding eye
 To pierce the cloudy screen ;
 To look above the storms of life,
 Eternally serene.

531

C. M.

KEBLE.

"Suffer little Children to come to Me."

1 Oh say not, think not, heavenly notes
 To childish ears are vain,
 That the young mind at random floats,
 And cannot reach the strain.

2 Was not our Lord a little child,
 Taught by degrees to pray,
 By father dear and mother mild
 Instructed day by day ?

3 And loved he not of heaven to talk
 With children in his sight,
 To meet them in his daily walk,
 And to his arms invite ?

4 And though some tones be weak and low,
 What are all prayers beneath,
 But cries of babes, that cannot know
 Half the deep thought they breathe.

5 In his own words we Christ adore ;
 But angels, as we speak,
 Higher above our meaning soar,
 Than we o'er children weak.

6 And yet his words mean more than they —
 And yet he owns their praise ;
 Oh think not that he turns away
 From infants' simple lays.

532

S. M.

WATTS.

Family Affection from Religious Principles.

- 1 How pleasing, Lord ! to see,
 How pure is the delight,
 When mutual love, and love to thee,
 A family unite !
- 2 From these celestial springs
 Such streams of comfort flow,
 As no increase of riches brings,
 Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 No bliss can equal theirs,
 Where such affections meet ;
 While mingled praise, and mingled prayers
 Make their communion sweet.
- 4 'T is the same pleasure fills
 The breast in worlds above ;
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

533

C. M.

NOEL.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie —
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh ;
- 2 O shall not warmer accents speak
 The gratitude we owe,
 To Him, the suffering, and the meek,
 Who died for human woe !

- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed,
 "Meet and remember me?"
- 4 O Saviour! mid earth's sin and care,
 Thy love we fain would see;
 Seeking thy strength, thy cross to share,
 And thus remember thee.

534

C. M.

KEBLE, ALT.

The Saviour's Feast of Love.

- 1 How sweet the feast of heavenly love
 Spread at the Saviour's word,
 For souls that hear his call, and prove
 Meet for his bridal board.
- 2 The fervent love, the dear delight
 Of hearts that know no guile,
 That all around see all things bright
 With their own magic smile;
- 3 The silent joy, that sinks so deep
 In confidence and rest;
 Lulled in a Father's arms to sleep,
 Clasped to his loving breast:
- 4 The glowing hope, that thrills so keen
 Along each bounding vein,
 Still whispering glorious things unseen;
 Making the vision plain.
- 5 Such is thy banquet, Saviour dear!
 O grant our hearts the grace
 The pure and bridal robe to wear,
 Meet for thine own embrace.

535

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Continue Ye in My Love.

- 1** YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2** The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught,
Inspired by love he died.
- 3** Let all the sacred law fulfill ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 4** Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honored name ;
But by a near resemblance, prove
The title which they claim.

536

7s. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1** SWEET thy memory, Saviour blest,
In the true believer's breast !
Musing on thy precious name,
Purest joys his heart inflame.
- 2** By the ear or tuneful tongue
Nought so sweet is heard or sung ;
Nought the mind can dwell upon
Sweet as God's beloved Son.

- 3 Thou the contrite sinner's stay,
Who thy goodness can display?
How to those who *seek* thee kind!
What, ah, what to those who *find*?
- 4 Tongue can speak not their delight,
Nor can pen of man indite;
None can know, but they who prove,
What it is their Lord to love.

Dedication Hymn.

- 1 O bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son,
Have raised, and now devote these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

538

C. M.

SEWALL'S COLL.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 O god ! accept the sacred hour,
Which we to thee have given ;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son ;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he hath done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free ;
And humbly learn like him, to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.

539

8 & 7s. M.

EXETER COLL.

After Communion.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing !
Peace from God through endless day.

540

7s. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Spiritual Nourishment.

- 1** BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
- 2** Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3** Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

541

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

This do in Remembrance of Me.

- 1** ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2** Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 3** When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee :

4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

542

7s. M.

WESLEY.

"Where Two or Three are met together in My Name."

1 JESUS, we thy promise claim :
 We are met in thy great name :
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here !

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless !
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
 Thou thyself within us move ;
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind :
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.

543

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Communion Hymn.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !
 Let strife and hatred cease ;
 And every thought harmonious move,
 And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, when met to think of him,
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been ;
 The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.

544

C. M.

Union in the Lord.

1 A HOLY air is breathing round,
 A savor from above ;
 Be every soul from sense unbound,
 Be every spirit love.

2 O God unite us heart to heart,
 In sympathy divine,
 That we be never drawn apart,
 And love not thee, nor thine ;

3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught
 And all thy gracious word,
 Be nearer to each other brought,
 And nearer to the Lord.

545

7s. M. SAILS BURY COLL.

Communion with our risen Lord.

1 MASTER, may we ever say,
 Taken from the world away,
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee.

- 2 Him, though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though ascending to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 3 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Watching when our Lord shall come,
Longing for a heavenly home.
- 4 There with thee may we remain,
Partners of thine endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Finding all our heaven in thee.

546

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise ;
Thou thy people's heart prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
And, in hope of glory blest,
Let the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! — earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah ! — hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

547

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

The Presence of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim ;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 Present, we know thou art ;
But O thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart,
The mighty comfort feel.
- 4 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

548

L. M.

WILLIS.

Dedication Hymn.

- 1 THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God ;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad, illimitable sky ;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, — and “ all was good ; ”
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The “ morning stars together sang.”

- 4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea,
 And earth, and sky a house for thee ;
 But in thy sight our offering stands,
 A humbler temple, "made with hands."

549

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Ordination Hymn.

- 1 O thou, who art above all height !
 Our God, our Father, and our Friend !
 Beneath thy throne of love and light,
 Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
 A vine that by thy culture grew ;
 We kneel in prayer that thou would'st wet
 Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath given
 Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth
 To the great cause of truth and heaven,
 Be thou his guide, O God of truth !
- 4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
 His speech like Hermon's dews distill,
 Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
 Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death, by care,
 Or pain, or toil, or years opprest,
 O God ! remember thou our prayer,
 And take his spirit to thy rest.

550

L. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

Ordination Hymn.

- 1** O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2** That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.
- 3** That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free ;
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4** Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day ;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects and time's decay.
- 5** Send down its angel to our side ;
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

551

7 & 6s. M.

HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1** FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

552

• 6 & 4s. M.

“Let there be Light.”

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word,
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight !
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the Gospel ray
 Sheds not its glorious day,
 “ Let there be light ! ”
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight !
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Light to the inly blind,
 O now to all mankind,
 “ Let there be light.”

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove !
 Speed forth thy flight ;
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place,
 "Let there be light."

553

7s. M.

BRYANT.

A Blessing upon Christian Teachers.

- 1 SOURCE of Truth, whose rays alone
 Light the mighty world of mind ;
 God of Love, who from thy throne
 Kindly watchest all mankind :

 2 Shed on those, who in thy name
 Teach the way of truth and right,
 Shed that love's undying flame,
 Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

554

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Tracing the steps of the Pious Dead.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
 That bears us to the sea !
 The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity.

 2 Our fathers, where are they,
 With all they called their own ?
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth and honor, gone.

 3 God of our fathers ! hear ;
 Thou everlasting Friend !
 While we as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

- 4 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till with them, in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

555

L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Missionaries Encouraged.

- 1 YE Christian heralds,— go, proclaim
 Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.

556

L. M.

FLINT.

Memory of our Fathers.

- 1 IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
 That bound our goodly heritage,
 And safe beneath our shelt'ring vines
 Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.
- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
 That thou didst plant our fathers here ;
 And watch and guard them as they grew,
 A vineyard to the planter dear.
- 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;
 They sowed in tears, in joy we reap ;
 The birthright they so dearly bought
 We 'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.
- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
 In weal and wo, through all the past,
 Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
 While here their name and race shall last.

557

C. M.

WATTS.

Instructions of God's Providence.

- 1** LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2** He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3** Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4** Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

558

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

- 1** THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd ;
- 2** And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

- 3 Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true hearted, came ;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.
- 4 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 5 Amidst the storm they sang ;
 And the stars heard, and the sea !
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
- 6 The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
 This was their welcome home !
- 7 What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !
- 8 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained, what there they found :
 Freedom to worship God.

559

P. M.

J. DAVIS.

Ode for the 22d of December.

- 1 SONS of renowned sires,
 Join in harmonious choirs,
 Swell your loud songs ;
 Daughters of peerless dames,

Come with your mild acclaims,
Let their revered names
Dwell on your tongues.

- 2 From frowning Albion's seat,
See the famed band retreat,
 On ocean tost ;
Blue tumbling billows roar,
By keel scarce ploughed before,
And bear them to this shore,
 Fettered with frost.
- 3 Not winter's sullen face,
Not the fierce tawny race
 In arms arrayed ;
Not hunger shook their faith,
Not sickness' baleful breath,
Nor Carver's early death
 Their souls dismayed.
- 4 Watered by heavenly dew,
The *Germ of Empire* grew,
 Freedom its root ;
From the cold northern pine,
Far t'ward the burning line,
Spreads the luxuriant vine,
 Bending with fruit.
- 5 Columbia, child of heaven,
The best of blessings given,
 Rest on thy head ;
Beneath thy peaceful skies,
While prosperous tides arise,
Here turn thy grateful eyes, —
 Revere the dead.

6 Here trace the moss-grown stones,
 Where rest their mouldering bones,
 Again to rise ;
 And let thy sons be led
 To emulate the dead,
 While o'er their tombs they tread
 With moistened eyes.

7 Sons of renowned sires,
 Join in harmonious choirs,
 Swell your loud songs ;
 Daughters of peerless dames,
 Come with your mild acclaims,
 Let their revered names
 Dwell on your tongues.

560

S. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

Thanks for all Saints.

1 For all thy saints, O God,
 Who strove in Christ to live,
 Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
 Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Christ their great reward,
 And strove in him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
 With him, their Lord, in view,
 Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
 And humbly beg that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in thee.

561

L. M.

WHITTIER.

National Anniversary.

- 1 O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day !
- 2 When from each temple of the free
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.
- 3 Sweet peace be here ; and hope and love
Be round us as a mantle thrown,
As unto thee, supreme above
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.
- 4 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue and clime
The anthem of the free shall hear.
- 5 When smitten as with fire from heaven
Shall melt and fall, the captive's chain ;
And burdened slaves, their fetters riven,
Shall stand redeemed by freedom's reign.

562

L. M.

WHITTIER.

Freedom.

- 1 As children of thy gracious care,
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to thee.

- 2 For thou hast heard, O God of right,
 The sighing of the hapless slave ;
 And stretched for him the arm of might,
 Not shortened that it could not save.
- 3 The laborer sits beneath his vine,
 The shackled soul and hand are free ;
 Thanksgiving ! — for the work is thine ;
 Praise ! — for the blessing is of thee.

563

6 & 4s. M.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 God bless our native land,
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night ;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save,
 By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies ;
 On him we wait ;
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be thou forever nigh ;
 God save the state.

564

8s. M.

HAWES.

Spring.

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
 The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
 The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
 The lark mounts and warbles away.

- 2 Shall every creature around
 Their voices in concert unite,
 And I, the most favored, be found
 In praising to take less delight ?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute !
 Sweet organs your notes softly swell !
 No longer my lips shall be mute,
 The Saviour's high praises to tell.
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
 My graces shall bloom as the spring !
 This temple, his spirit's abode ;
 My joy as my duty to sing.

565

C. M. CHRIS. PSALMIST.

Abundance in Harvest.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !
 How rich thy bounties are !
 The rolling seasons as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
 The plants in beauty grew ;
 Thou gav'st resplendent suns to shine,
 And mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
 Thy hand all nature hails ;
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter, fails.

566

7s. M.

EV. MAGAZINE.

"Thou Crownest the Year with Goodness."

- 1 PRAISE on thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah! waits;
Unto thee, O God! belong
Grateful words and holy song.
- 2 Thou the hope and refuge art,
Of remotest lands apart,
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean-waste, and lone.
- 3 Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.
- 4 Thus the clouds thy power confess,
And thy paths drop fruitfulness;
And the voice of song and mirth,
Rises from the tribes of earth.

567

C. M.

WATTS.

Providence in the Seasons.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 4 He sends his word, and melts the snow ;
 The fields no longer mourn ;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 He bids the Spring return.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word ;
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

"Is it such a Fast I have Chosen?"

- 1 "Is this a fast for me?"
 Thus saith the Lord our God ;
 " A day for man to vex his soul,
 And feel affliction's rod ? "
- 2 "No ; is not this alone
 The sacred fast I choose ;
 Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
 The bands of guilt unloose ? "
- 3 "To nakedness and want
 Your food and raiment deal,
 To dwell your kindred race among,
 And all their sufferings heal ? "
- 4 "Then, like the morning ray,
 Shall spring your health and light ;
 Before you, righteousness shall shine,
 Behind, my glory bright ! "

569

C. M.

BREVIARY.

Fast.

- 1 O COME not with thy tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer :
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee ;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.
- 3 O let us then with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.
- 4 O righteous judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us that we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

570

L. M.

DYER.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds !
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power !
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves, the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
 To thee we raise the humble cry ;
 Thine altar is the contrite heart,
 Thine incense, a repentant sigh.
- 4 O may our land, in this her hour,
 Confess thy hand, and bless the rod ;
 By penitence make thee her friend,
 And find in thee a guardian God.

The Coming of Christ in Power.

- 1 LORD Jesus, come ; for here
 Our path through wilds is laid !
 We watch as for the day-spring near,
 Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus, come ; for hosts
 Meet on the battle plain :
 The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
 And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus, come ; for chains
 Are still upon the slave ;
 Bind up his wounds, relieve his pains,
 The pining bondman save.
- 4 Hark ! herald voices near,
 Lead on thy happier day :
 Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
 We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come, as in days of old,
 With words of grace and power ;
 Gather us all within thy fold,
 And let us stray no more.

572**C. M.****PEABODY.***Who is my Neighbor?*

- 1** WHO is thy neighbor ? he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow,
 Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2** Thy neighbor ? 't is the heart bereft
 Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left :
 Go thou and shelter them.
- 3** Thy neighbor ? yonder toiling slave,
 Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave ;
 Go thou and ransom him.
- 4** Oh pass not, pass not heedless by ;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery :
 Go, share thy lot with him.

573**7s. M.****CHANDLER.***"Remember the Bound, as bound with Them."*

- 1** CHRISTIAN mother, when thy prayer
 Trembles on the twilight air,
And thou askest God to keep,
 In their waking and their sleep,
Those, whose love is more to thee
 Than the wealth of land or sea ;
Think of those who wildly mourn
 For the loved ones from them torn.

- 2** Blest ones, whom no hands on earth
 Dare to wrench from home and hearth,
 Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well,
 By affection's holy spell,
 Will ye hear with tearless eye
 Of the slave's despairing cry,
 Rising up from human hearts,
 As their latest bliss departs ?

Anti-Slavery Hymn.

- 1** MEN ! whose boast it is, that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave ?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?
- 2** Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free.
- 3** They are slaves, who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak ;
 They are slaves, who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing and abuse,

Rather than, in silence, shrink
 From the truth they needs must think ;
 They are slaves, who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

575

L. M.

WESLEY.

For the Enslaved.

- 1 O LET the prisoner's mournful sighs,
 As incense in thy sight appear !
 Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
 If haply they may feel thee near.
- 2 Out of the deep, regard their cries,
 The fallen raise, the mourners cheer ;
 O, Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 And scatter all their doubt and fear !
- 3 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
 Their feebleness of mind defend ;
 And in their weakness show thy power,
 And make them patient to the end.
- 4 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
 For whom thy suffering members mourn ;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And break the yoke so meekly borne.

576

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

"Daughter of Sadness."

- 1 DAUGHTER of sadness, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
 In thy Redeemer firmly trust ;
 He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake ! put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls — thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth ;
 Say to the South, " Give up thy charge,
 And keep not back, O North."

577

7s. M.

MILMAN.

And He arose and rebuked the Winds and Sea.

- 1 LORD ! thou didst arise and say,
 To the troubled waters, " Peace,"
 And the tempest died away,
 Down they sank, the foaming seas ;
 And a calm and heaving sleep
 Spread o'er all the glassy deep,
 All the azure lake serene
 Like another heaven was seen !
- 2 Lord ! thy gracious word repeat
 To the billows of the proud !
 Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
 Quell the fierce and changing crowd !
 Then the earth shall find repose,
 From oppressions, and from woes ;
 And an imaged heaven appear
 On our world of darkness here !

578

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

The Progress of Freedom.

- 1 OPPRESSION shall not always reign ;
 There comes a brighter day,
 When freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.

Then right shall over might prevail,
 And truth, like hero, armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.

- 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of truth's victorious car ?
 What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star ?
 What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
 Oppression's guilty night prolong,
 And freedom's morning bar ?
- 3 The hour of triumph comes apace,
 The fated, promised hour ;
 When earth upon a ransomed race
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell !
 Bid high thy sacred banner swell !
 Let trump on trump the triumph tell
 Of Heaven's redeeming power.

579

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Jubilee.

- 1 HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud, as mighty thunders roar ;
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 See Jehovah's banners furled !
 Sheathed his sword : — he speaks — 't is done !
 Now the kingdoms of this world,
 Are the kingdom of his Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With supreme, unbounded sway :
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
- 4 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign :
 Hallelujah ! — let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

580

C. M.

WHITTIER.

The Call of Truth.

- 1 OH ! not alone with outward sign,
 Of fear, or voice from heaven,
 The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God, is given ;
 Awakening in the human heart,
 Love for the True and Right,
 Zeal for the Christian's better part,
 Strength for the Christian's fight.
- 2 Though heralded by nought of fear,
 Or outward sign, or show ;
 Though only to the inward ear,
 It whisper soft and low ;
 Though dropping as the manna fell,
 Unseen, yet from above,
 Holy and gentle, heed it well :
 The call to Truth and Love.

581

C. M.

LOND. INQUIRER.

Encouragement to Christian Effort.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power ;
 There 's fruit in each wind-wasted seed,
 Waiting its natal hour.

- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be ;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it, silently.
- 4 Work and despair not : bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

582

S. M.

"The Word shall not return unto Me void."

- 1 Go watch the new-born rill,
Born from its mossy bed,
As trickling down the heath-clad hill,
It winds with silver thread.
- 2 Its bold career foretell,
What rocks its power shall rend !
Or say how far in ocean's swell
Its mighty billows send !
- 3 So is the truthful word
Born from a mighty will ;
To feeble faith, while yet unheard,
It seems a lonely rill.
- 4 Yet from consenting souls
New streams shall surely flow,
Till on through all the earth it rolls,
With power to cleanse its woe.

- 4 So let each faithful child
 Drink of this fountain mild,
 From early youth ;
 Then shall the song we raise,
 Be heard in future days ;
 Ours be the pleasant ways
 Of peace and truth.
- 5 Now let each heart and hand,
 Of all this youthful band,
 United, move !
 Till on the mountain's brow,
 And in the vale below,
 Our land may ever glow
 With peace and love.

586

C. M

The Gospel of Peace.

- 1 Joy to the earth ! the Prince of Peace
 His banner has unfurled ;
 Let strife, and sin, and error cease,
 And joy pervade the world !
- 2 Praise ye the Lord ! for truth and grace
 His word and life display ;
 Let every soul his love embrace,
 And own its gentle sway.
- 3 Peace on the earth, good will to men,
 Embraced the Gospel plan ;
 Let that sweet strain be heard again,
 Which angel-tones began,
- 4 Joy to the isles and lands afar,
 Messiah reigns above ;
 Let every eye behold the star,
 The star of light and love.

587

C. M.

R. NICOLL.

Honor all Men.

- 1 I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl ;
The slave who would not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.
- 2 The vile oppressor who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless he may stand,
I cannot, dare not scorn.
- 3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share :
The blackest heart hath sighs to tell
That God still lingers there.

588

C. M.

THOMSON.

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean-deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend ;
 Through every age, in every clime,
 Our father, and our friend !

589

C. M.

ADDISON.

God our Refuge everywhere.

1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, omnipotence.

2 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

3 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord !
 Thy mercy sets us free,
 While in the confidence of prayer,
 Our hearts take hold on thee.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.

590

S. M.

S. GRAHAM.

"Thou art the Confidence of them upon the Sea."

1 HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave,
 And blow thou boisterous wind ;
 Onward they swiftly glide, and leave
 Their home and friends behind.

- 2 Away, away they steer
 Upon the ocean's breast ;
 And dim the distant heights appear,
 Like clouds along the west.
- 3 There is a loneliness
 Upon the mighty deep ;
 And hurried thoughts upon them press,
 As onwardly they sweep.
- 4 But there is hope and joy,
 Wherever they may be ;
 Danger nor Death can ne'er destroy
 Our trust, O God ! in thee.
- 5 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep ;
 Ye winds, blow foul or fair ;
 Our God is with them on the deep,
 Their home is everywhere.

591

L. M.

Bp. KENN.

Morning.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run :
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Lord I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

592

P. M.

HOGG.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 LAUDED be thy name forever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
 Blessed are they thou kindly keepest !
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the rainbow and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blessed be thy name forever !
- 2 God of evening's yellow ray !
 God of every dawning day,
 That rises from the distant sea
 Like breathings of eternity ;
 Thine the flaming sphere of light,
 Thine the darkness of the night !
 God of life, that fade shall never !
 Glory to thy name forever !

593

C. M. ANCIENT LITURGY.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
 Implore we, bending low,
 That He, the uncreated Light,
 May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
 Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
 But simple truth be on our tongue,
 And in our hearts be love.

- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
 Securely keep, O God,
 Our hearts beleaguered by the foe,
 That tempts our every road.
- 4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend :
 That we begin it at thy word,
 And in thy favor end.

594

L. M.

KEBLE.

“ His Compassions are New every Morning.”

- 1 NEW every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

595

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Evening Hymn.

- 1 LORD of glory ! King of power !
 In this lone and silent hour,
 While the shades of darkness rise,
 And the eve is on the skies,

By thy blessing, as the dews,
 Which yon shaded skies diffuse,
 Bid our feverish passions cease ;
 Calm us with thy promised peace.

- 2** Wheresoe'er the brow of pain,
 Seeks oblivion's balm in vain,
 Or the form of watchful grief,
 Knows not of the night's relief,
 There thy pity, softening power,
 There the spirit's calm restore ;
 Till each tongue, from murmuring free,
 Wakes the hymn of praise to thee.

Evening.

- 1** GLORY to thee, my God ! this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings !
- 2** Forgive me, Lord ! through thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done,
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3** O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 4** Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below !
 Praise him above, ye heavenly choir !
 O may his praise my soul inspire !

597

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God our Helper.

- 1** My Helper, God ! I bless thy name !
The same thy power, thy grace the same :
The tokens of thy friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2** Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3** Thus far thine arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make thy mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

598

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God our Preserver.

- 1** GREAT God ! we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close..
- 2** By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ; .
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3** With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

599

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Improvement of Time.

- 1 God of eternity ! from thee
 Did infant time his being draw :
 Moments and days, and months and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent but swift, they glide away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wide sea,
 The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 The thoughtless tribes of mortal men,
 Along the mighty stream are borne
 On to their everlasting home,
 That country whence there's no return.
- 4 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
 To know the worth of every hour ;
 That time may bear us on to joys,
 Beyond its measure and its power.

600

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years, and he died."

- 1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
 Or clouds that roll successive on,
 Man's busy generations pass,
 And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

- 2 "He lived — he died ;" behold the sum,
 The abstract of th' historian's page !
 Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
 The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father ! in whose mighty hand,
 The boundless years and ages lie ;
 Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
 And use the moments as they fly ;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds :
 So shall we wake from death's dark night,
 To share the glory that succeeds.

601

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J. NEWTON.

Swiftness of Time.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait ;
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

